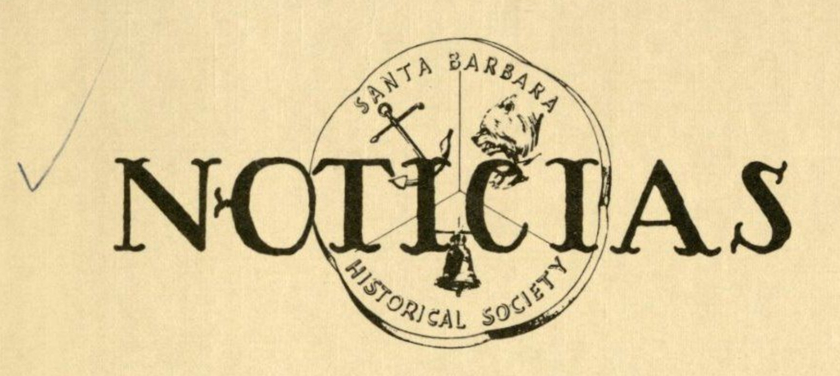
QUARTERLY BULLETIN
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Mrs. Williams at the S.B. Lighthouse — S.B. Historical Society

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A Symposium

The Santa Barbara Historical Society will host the Southern Symposium of the Conference of California Historical Societies here February 27 and 28, 1981.

Included in plans for the event is a special Oral History Workshop to be presented by UCSB history professor Wesley Johnston, PhD., who will give demonstrations of techniques for conducting interviews with persons who consent to give oral accounts of their lives and times.

Also planned is a presentation by UCSB's Gayle Olson and Dr. Thomas Fuller who will describe a new idea in education — the History Fair. A spin-off from the Science Fairs, the History Fair is a new project now being tried in the Santa Barbara County school system.

Participants in the Symposium will be invited to come aboard the Channel cruiser *Condor* for a whale-watching excursion along the Santa Barbara shoreline. Other optional activities include a bus tour of the city, slide shows (Victorian Homes of Santa Barbara, Santa Barbara Adobes, and Presidio History and Development), guided walking tours of downtown historic sites, and tours at the Old Mission.

On Friday evening, there will be a reception at the Historical Museum, followed by a dinner at El Paseo. The evening program theme will be "Upon the heritage of the past, we build a future worth remembering."

Following Saturday's workshops and optional activities there will be a banquet at the Miramar Convention Center. Speakers will be Robert Hanson, resident director for the Channel Islands Nature Conservancy project, and Frank Benko, authority on marine life in the Santa Barbara Channel.

More than 200 people from all over California are expected to attend the Symposium, a semi-annual event which alternates its locations between cities in the southern and northern parts of the state.

*The Santa Barbara Light and Its Keeper, 1904**

By Bion B. Williams

Soon after the discovery of gold in California, Albert Johnson Williams, born and raised in Waterville, Maine, on the banks of the Kennebec, left his home and started for the popular destination. Stopping for six months at Panama and incidentally cleaning up $5,000 in the hotel business, he landed in San Francisco in the spring of 1850. Two and a half years later his wife, Julia Frances Williams, also a "Mainiac," though born and raised on the island of Campobello, followed over the same route, crossing the Isthmus on donkeys, and arriving at the Golden Gate in February, 1853.

After engaging in business for a time on the Mokelumne River and later in San Francisco, Mr. Williams accepted the position of Keeper of the Santa Barbara Light Station, then planned to be built, and in March, 1856, came to Santa Barbara with the workmen who were to put up the building. Landing from a small boat through the surf, the women and children being carried ashore, and the men left to wade as best they could, they found a town and hotel accommodations somewhat different from what now greets the tourist. After spending a few days in a typical Mexican adobe, where if the wind blew, one must close the shutters on the holes that served as windows and light the candles, and where food must be kept jealously covered lest it be enriched with the inhabitants of the rotten rafters, they secured possession of the only frame building in town — the same house still stands, very little changed, on the north corner of State and Montecito Streets.

In August of the same year, the lighthouse having been sufficiently completed to be habitable, they proceeded to move in. Santa Barbara not having at that time a Chamber of Commerce to wrestle with the problem of a "Cliff Drive," they just took to the hills, going out past where the polo grounds are and following up one of the canyons, came over the hills and down to the Mesa.

Although there was not a structure of any kind to bar the way, and they were free to choose their road wherever they were pleased to go, still moving was not such a simple matter after all. For the human freight was secured the services of a coachman and coach, both a little wobbly, and somewhat uncertain as to where they would finally bring up. The trip was safely made, however, but the driver, no doubt elated by success and something else, forgot about discretion being the better part and took a short-cut home with the result that toward dusk the sheriff and a

*This paper was found in the estate of Mrs. Harry W. T. Ross by our president. It was published as a brochure, probably for lighthouse visitors, in the early 1900s.

detachment of mounted police appeared on the scene, vowing dire vengeance if he were not produced on the instant, dead or live. This condition was fulfilled later on, the man being found dead-drunk under a tree halfway home. The household effects were transferred across the hills in a Mexican oxcart, a method reasonably safe, but one that could never under any circumstances be truthfully styled a lightning express.

In October, 1856, the writer of this sketch was born and in December, 1856, the lamp was lighted for the first time.

Although society, our set, at any rate, was extremely select and exclusive, there being only about a dozen white people within a day's horseback ride, still life was not the dull, flat round of endless routine one might imagine. For instance, there is a popular prejudice in favor of feeding babies milk, and milk could not be bought for money or anything else, but the Mesa was alive with cows, each one followed by a pretty little calf. What more simple than to tie up a cow and milk her? No sooner said than done; all hands were mustered out and a quiet (comparatively) looking cow was rounded up, a lasso thrown over her head and the other end passed round a stout log in the rail fence, but there was a hitch somewhere. When the milker came to, the cow was half a mile away, playing with a stick tied to a rope, the ranch was short a stake rope and the baby grew up without milk.

The only provision for water was a cistern to catch the rain. There not being any rain, it did not catch. The head of the house had to be at work in town, so the mother would saddle the old horse, take the baby in her arms and, followed by the two little girls, go a mile to a spring, and bring home cans of water slung to the saddle, and then repeat the trip for wood. I very well remember a few years later, when about seven years old, climbing up on a lively little mustang, with a can slung on either side of the saddle. On the way home with the cans of water, the horse took fright, bucked me off, and distributed the cans and saddle over the landscape.

All merchandise for the stores of the town were brought in small sailing vessles, arriving every one or two months. If you forgot something that you needed for supper and stepped round to the store to get it, you were apt to be told that they were all out, but the "Pride of the Sea" was expected in about two weeks when you could get it. Once when the vessel was a little longer than usual in coming, the stock of flour ran out and we "kids" were given a slice of bread apiece at supper with the information that there was no more where that came from. We divided our bread and saved a part for the next day, but during the night a vessel came in and bread was plenty. One morning about three o'clock we were awakened by some Mexicans who had a fat steer at the end of their riatas. They wanted to sell it for $5, but finally came down to $2.50, if it could be killed at once, so they could have the hide. What they probably wanted was to hide the fact that they had stolen the steer, but they ran little risk; fat steers were so plenty that there was small chance of missing one.

In the winter of 1861 we did not have to go for water; the water came to us. In fact, water was thrown around with a lavish prodigality that

was sometimes a little inconvenient. The cellar held two or three feet of water with a half-inch of oil on top; sailing lazily around were the trunks of clothing, books, etc. That year father stayed in town most of the time. It was inconvenient getting back and forth. Mission Creek had a ferry boat rigged across it with a cable fast on either side, and a young river ran down State Street that at times was a little risky to cross on horseback.

During a lull when the streams were down, I, five years old at the time, was sent to town for supplies. Arriving at Mission Creek, I walked up and down, looking doubtfully at the swift, muddy steam, until a Mexican lady of about four hundred avoirdupois came along and offered to let me climb on her back while she waded across. I had never heard of the four hundred at that time, but I appreciated the situation and climbed. The next morning, it having rained during the night, my father took me down to the creek to see me across. He assured me that there was no danger and that I could wade across very easily, but I was not completely convinced, and when about in the middle of the stream, I stepped on a rolling stone and took a header. Our old Newfoundland dog, Griz, was just ahead, and I fastened my hand in the shaggy hair on his haunches and came out all right, but the sack of groceries and my hat had to be rescued and brought across by my father, who returned across the stream to empty water out of his boots and think about — the beauties of nature, perhaps. I didn't ask him.

These few incidents have been given that you may have some idea of the country and the life we led. They were intensely interesting to us at the time, whatever they may seem to you now.

Mr. Williams kept the light for four years, then another keeper, through a misunderstanding, was sent to the station, and Mr. Williams at once packed up and left, having acquired a nice little ranch of his own with a house partly finished. The new keeper, an old Mexican, left in disgust, and Mr. Williams was asked to go back, but his dignity had been touched, and he never would accept the place again. However, as the light was without a keeper, he allowed a hired man to go down every night and light and tend the lamp until another keeper was secured.

In February, 1865, after the station had been in the hands of several parties, more or less unsatisfactory, Mrs. Williams was prevailed upon to accept the position which she has filled ever since. At that time the salary was paid in currency, worth only sixty-five cents on the dollar, while everything that had to be bought cost much more than now. The family had grown to four besides the father and mother, another girl having come, and in 1866 and 1868 two more boys were born, completing the family of six children.

Gradually the face of the country changed. Where at first had been meadows of luxuriant grass covered with flocks of sheep and herds of cattle, farms began to be fenced off and one after another, houses were built and neighbors were seen passing back and forth. In the light and its keeper there has been little change. Until the two younger boys were married in the fall of 1899, she had never been out of sight of the house

after dark since that February in 1865. Every night for thirty-nine years except when the boys were born, has she climbed at sunset those three flights of steps and lighted the lamp. Every night at midnight has the lamp been trimmed or changed for a fresh one with her own hands, and every morning as the sun has gilded the eastern mountain top, the same hand has extinguished the light and drawn the curtain over the lens.

In 1882 Mr. Williams died. Except the second daughter, who was called home when fifteen years old, the children have one by one married and moved away until all are gone. The oldest daughter married D. C. Maxfield, and their home is just out of San Diego. Their oldest son was enlisted for the Spanish-American War. The three boys are all married and live in Santa Barbara, and the youngest daughter is married to B. W. Baker of Seattle, Washington.

The light is a fixed white light of the fourth order; that is, it is stationary, does not revolve nor flash, and there are three larger sizes than this. There are no fog or other danger signals, and only one keeper. At Point Concepcion, for instance, there is a first order light, besides a steam whistle, used during fogs, and there are four assistant keepers besides the principal. Santa Barbara Channel is so safe and free from storms that there is no need for further provision. There has never been a wreck here but once, and that was during a beautiful, calm moonlight night when the careless skipper allowed his vessel, the "Pride of the Sea," laden with merchandise, to drift too near the shore, and was not able to keep off the rocks.

A pleasant feature of the lonely life has been acquaintance with the naval officers in charge of the department: Admiral Dewey, Commodore Philip and others, and the long-time captains of the coasting steamers. Lost to the world, perhaps some think, a life buried from sight in a frontier station. But a life of fifty years' service given without one thought of self, except to prove true to the trust, would be a loss indeed to the world were it to be forgotten. Others have endowed schools and charities with their millions, but a life is worth more than them all, and for it will be reared the best and most enduring monument, for it will be in the hearts and lives of those for whom she lived.

FOOTNOTE BY S.H.R.
LIGHTHOUSE HISTORY

Although several modern newspaper stories state that Albert Johnson Williams had the contract to build the lighthouse here, Bion B. Williams makes no such assertion, and a contemporary newspaper, the *Gazette*, April 3, 1856[1] announced that the projected lighthouse on Santa Barbara Point would be commenced soon: "Mr. Nagle, the contractor, arrived in this city on the steamer *Sea Bird* and is already preparing the materials for its erection."

A month later the *Gazette* said that the building was progressing rapidly. It was to be built of stone, and the contractor intended to have it completely ready for the lantern in two months' time.[2]

A reminiscence of Cyrus Marshall, a local builder, corroborates that version of its erection:[3]

> Mr. Nagle was the contractor, and I worked for him by the day. When the main building was up, his part of the work was finished. That was in 1856. I very soon afterwards received a contract from the government to build the tower and put up most of the iron work. The lighthouse and tower are stone, with the exception of the top of the tower, which is of brick. The stone used in this work was quarried at Castle Point and was hauled from there to the lighthouse building by Mr. Summers.
>
> . . . there was quite an extensive stone quarry at Castle Point. I should judge it extended out into the sea at least 300 yards further than the present point. In the past thirty-five years much of the point has been eaten away by the sea. . . ."

The *Gazette* described the new building thus:[4]

> The light house at Point Castillo has been completed. It is 38 feet in front by 20 feet in depth, and is of two stories, with a basement. There are four rooms above ground and two below, hard finished throughout. The tower is in the center, and is coped with two courses of heavy granite stones. The caps and sills of the doors and windows are also of granite. The walls are constructed of hard stone and brick, cemented, and are from 18 inches to two feet in thickness. The first floor is of double thickness, and all the floors are of hard pine.
>
> There are circular stairs running up the center to the tower. The doors and inside finish are of eastern lumber. There is a kitchen in the rear, weather-boarded, painted and plastered, and a cistern is sunk nine feet deep by six and one-half feet in diameter. Buttresses to the front door extend out four feet, with four granite steps and platforms. The exterior is rough-cast, with cement and lime.
>
> There are eleven openings in the building, all furnished with close shutters and suitable fastenings. All the locks and hinges throughout are of brass. The basement is paved with hard burnt brick, and the walls are plastered with cement. The pipes run down on the end of the house, leading from the gutters to the cistern. An iron gallery and platform are intended to be placed on the tower when the lantern arrives. The building was constructed by Mr. G. D. Nagle of San Francisco, under the direction of Major Bache, and reflects great credit upon the workmen.

An advertisement in the *Gazette* about the time the light was to be exhibited stated that the lighthouse was "situated at an elevation of 146 feet above the sea and two miles southwesterly from the landing at Santa Barbara, and is about 530 feet from the brink of the bluff."[5]

The light was 190 feet above the same level, and probably would be seen ten or twelve miles at sea.

Mrs. Williams' grandson, True Maxfield, stated that at first the family had cisterns of rain water filled from the gutters of the building. Later, a windmill pumped water from a well drilled on the premises.[6]

As soon as the building was habitable, the Williams family moved in. The coal oil lantern was lighted late in December, 1856.[7] A year

after the lighthouse was completed, "on December 25, 1857, Mrs. Williams gave a Christmas dinner at the lighthouse to all the American families in town, about 30 persons being present. . . ." The first game of baseball in Santa Barbara was played after dinner, and evening festivities ended a very delightful day on the point.[8]

There are several versions of Mr. Williams' losing his position as lighthouse keeper. He was "superseded in 1860, owing to some misunderstanding;" after a series of unsatisfactory "tenders" and his refusal to return to the work when asked, Mrs. Williams received the appointment as keeper in February, 1865, from Commodore Watson, the lighthouse inspector at San Francisco. Mr. Williams owned land nearby which he farmed until his death in 1882 at the age of 57.

Mrs. Williams was the first woman appointed lighthouse keeper in California. Her efficient attention to duty led to appointment of other women.

> For nearly forty years she rendered most faithful service, filling and trimming her own light. . . . With the exception of three weeks when she was ill, she lighted the lamp at sunset, changed it at midnight, never retiring until that duty was performed, and extinguishing the lamp at sunrise. She kept her own books, recording each day the amount of oil used, hours the lamp burned, and condition of the weather, making monthly, quarterly and annual reports. . . .[9]

Mrs. Williams seldom left her Mesa home, except to drive to Church on Sundays, or to fulfill a social obligation. She spent much of her time tending an attractive garden and escorting sightseers through the lighthouse several times a week, for it was a popular tourist attraction.

By 1902 this duplicate of the lighthouse on Point Loma, near San Diego was deteriorating:

> With commendable persistency the Secretary of the Interior has again included in the estimates transmitted to Congress an appropriation of $7500 for a keeper's dwelling and tower for the Santa Barbara lighthouse. The present one has been in service for half a century. It has deteriorated to such an extent that a recent inspector declared it was a disgrace to the government.[10]

But the old lighthouse endured until 1925, although the oil lamp was replaced by a 5,000 candlepower revolving beam in 1921.[11]

There are two versions of the accident which ended Mrs. Williams' career and kept her an invalid for the last few years of her life. One account was that she fell out of bed and broke her hip.[12] The other was that she slipped and fell while attending her daily duties, injuring her hip in May, 1905.

> Although almost 85 years of age [when she died], and of delicate frame, Mrs. Williams possessed a marvelous constitution, repeatedly defying all laws of health. In her forty years of service she never retired until she had trimmed the midnight lamp, using the late hours in mending and sewing for her family of several children, and she always arose at daybreak. She was a patient sufferer, of unusually bright and attentive memory, and loved to dwell upon early days. Her circle of ac-

quaintances was large and she kept in touch with all her friends and was well up on topics of the day.[13]

In November, 1905, it was stated that friends of Mrs. Williams were attempting to secure by a special act of Congress a government pension for her long, faithful service.[14] However, her granddaughter, Miss Elizabeth Williams, said recently that no such recognition was forthcoming.

When her resignation was accepted, Captain Uriel Schee, naval secretary of the lighthouse board of the Department of Commerce and Labor, said that "old age is a sad thing; it's a pity there is not a retiring fund for such people," when he signed acceptance of her resignation.

Since the demise of a woman lighthouse keeper in Michigan, Mrs. Williams probably was the oldest woman in point of service in the keeping of a light by the sea, it was said. There were but a score of women keepers in the United States, with its 1500 lights, and nearly every one was the widow of a former keeper.

On December 1, 1905, the *Morning Press* announced that Mrs. Caroline Morse of San Francisco was the new keeper here. She was the widow of Stephen H. Morse, a veteran of the Civil War, who for ten years had been keeper of lighthouses on the Pacific Coast. A friend would be a companion at the lighthouse.

The *Morning Press* had explained on November 11, 1905, that Mrs. Williams had been given a longer leave of absence than was allowed under lighthouse regulations. One month's vacation a year was allowed, or two months in case of sickness, and Mrs. Williams had been incapacitated for six months; consequently friends did not think that government officials were "at all harsh" with her. The newspaper reported that she probably never would be able to attend to her household duties. The position paid only $750 a year, and this sum would not pay for the assistance she would be obliged to hire if she returned to the lighthouse.[15]

Recently Miss Williams recalled riding with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Williams every Sunday in a surrey behind a white horse to visit her grandmother in the Cottage Hospital. She died there June 30, 1911, having been an invalid for six years. Her survivors included three sons, Frank S. Williams, who paid for her care, A. C. Williams and Bion B. Williams, also two daughters, Mrs. B. W. Baker of Seattle, and Mrs. Helen Maxfield, also several grandchildren.

While the lighthouse survived the severe 1857 earthquake and several lesser ones later, it succumbed to the June, 1925 temblor. A telephone interview with retired fireman Albert John Weeks, who lived in the lighthouse at the time of the 1925 earthquake, disclosed that the Harley A. Weeks family moved there in 1913. His father had been a lighthouse keeper at Point Concepcion, but moved here so that his children could attend public schools. According to a story in the *Morning Press*, July 1, 1925, the shock badly damaged the building, and "during the second shock Mrs. Weeks rushed out with her family just in time to hear the light crash through the roof of the rooms they had left." The article stated that Mrs. Weeks was the third woman keeper, women

having held the position for forty-five of the years since 1856. Her son says that she was paid $30 a month to watch until two o'clock in the morning. Her husband found it too difficult to attend to the midnight as well as the early morning duties.

The old lighthouse was not rebuilt after the earthquake, and an automated beacon on a steel tower took its place.

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Punta del Castillo
1886-1980

By Henry Kleine*

My mind had wandered and I had been frustrated trying to concentrate on tennis. My opponent had left, but still I sat on the bench gazing up at the hill above the Pershing Park tennis courts. Years and years before, I had played as a child on that brush-covered hillside. I realized that the proximity had awakened my memories and had mysteriously evoked one particular remembrance — and was responsible for my poor tennis.

I decided to walk to the top of the roadway to see what changes had occurred. Now paved, this old roadway originally had been graveled and constituted the main entrance to the castle, *Punta del Castillo*. Elegant carriages, high society and even a president, Benjamin Harrison, had traversed this thoroughfare. The pretentious stone castle was built by Thomas B. Dibblee for his wife, Francisca de la Guerra, daughter of a prominent Santa Barbaran. P. J. Barber, the architect, had started it in 1882 and finished it in 1886.

Imperiously situated on a plateau covering 200 feet in length and breadth, it dominated Santa Barbara's western skyline from 1886 until 1925. It failed to withstand the devastating earthquake of 1925 despite its massivness. Mrs. Dibblee previously had sold the estate to Frederick Leadbetter, a man of great wealth. He made no improvements to the castle, but developed the polo field, paddock and garage areas. After the earthquake it was never repaired nor rebuilt; the owners moved to Montecito. The beautiful painted ceilings, each room a different color, and the ornate frescos by an Italian artist were to lie in the weeds along with the broken glass from the windows and the beautiful hardwoods. For years they were the victims of vandals and weather. Not a vestige remains of the great castle except in the minds of those who remember it.

As I looked up at the hillside, my mind turned to a very dear friend of my family, Manuel Braga, who lived at the castle. Now deceased, he had an active mind that overflowed with pleasant memories of working for the Leadbetters. Can it be sixty years ago that Manuel took me by the hand to guide me to the castle for the first time?

At six, I was perhaps overly-sensitive. Overwhelmed by the events of that day, and with the castle itself when at last we arrived, my reaction was, "I want to go home now, Manuel." (Manuel related this often to me, with a twinkle and a laugh.) My hand in his rough one, we had cut through Pershing Park and slowly walked to the entrance gate near the foot of the gently graded hill. He had promised to show me the polo

*Mr. Kleine, a graduate of Santa Barbara public schools and Santa Barbara State College, taught music in the schools of the Santa Ynez Valley for many years. As a youth, he lived with his parents in a confectionary store on West Cabrillo Boulevard.

ponies and the stables. I had been eager at the prospect. But that had been in the familiar security and comfort of my home on the west beach. Now, each of my small, frightened steps were taking me farther from my parents and home than I'd ever before been. Manuel's dog, Billy, met us at the gate. Trained to wait for Manuel's return, he joyfully pranced and bounced, whimpering his welcome.

Manuel unlocked the gate and swung it open for us to enter. Billy renewed his cavorting by leaping in circles, yipping in happiness. I had a strange feeling as Manuel closed and locked the gate, one of undefinable uneasiness — almost of suspense. I turned around and looked below at the black and foul-smelling swamp, where, unseen, noisy frogs croaked among the tules. Surface-skidding insects made tiny ringlets of circular disturbances on the water. (This was the place where I had just finished playing my inadequate tennis.) Manuel took my hand again and we turned up the graveled road.

It stretched up the hill, lined on one side by a wall of sandstone blocks which also buttressed in the big oak trees. This wall, a tremendous project in itself, still stands, an only memento of the castle. Geraniums, periwinkle, myrtle, nasturtiums, poison oak and toyon berries all grew rampantly; some are still growing today. We proceeded slowly, but paused now and again to look down on the trees of the park, and the distant curve of the beach where my home was, looking so very small now. North of the park was the Electric Street Car barn. We watched as the cars were shuttled about the yard during their servicing. A man swung a sledge hammer against the steel wheel of a car. There was a lag of silence until the sound reached our ears in an eerie echo, then a faint clang of a street car's bell. Looking into the distance from this height, everything appeared tiny: a different view of adjustment for me. The Edison Company plant, when my father took me to visit it, had seemed enormous, forbidding. Now, from here with Manuel, it was small; the arcing blue of electricity was barely visible, the hum of generators silent at this distance.

Here, the roadway again turned in a hairpin to the south. Four small pine trees stood among the oaks in a glen where I would play in a year or two. We continued, and Manuel pointed up to our right, where tall eucalyptus trees marched up to the great stone castle. We could see only the massive tower attached to the northern wing of the mansion. This road we were walking had a switchback which led to the main, front entrance. We did not take the switchback, but continued toward the south and the ocean. Looking out at the sea, we caught glimpses of its blues and greens with the whitecaps in an infrequent rhythm. Billy took off after a ground squirrel which dove into its hole; it didn't seem to bother or disappoint Billy in the least. We emerged from the deep shade of trees; the sunlight seemed dazzling. There, spread before us, an orchard of citrus and deciduous fruit trees grew alongside Manuel's acre of vegetables. Bordering that was the large expanse of a full-sized polo field. Two ponies with riders were galloping about in training.

It was difficult for me to compare the evidences of such great

wealth with my simple, if unusual (a confectionary store) home surroundings. In the bright sunlight I sat among the dry weeds where Manuel squatted on his heels as he rolled a cigarette. We watched the two young, elegant polo ponies being trained. Small horses with short tails, they were being taught to react to their riders' signals and commands by rein, knee and boot pressure. Manuel explained these things to me. I was so full of unasked questions, I could not hope for all the answers I needed. The horses did starts, stops, sudden changes of direction, sprints, gallops, canters and walks — always with polo mallets being swung around and about the heads of the animals. Manuel told me we'd see the other horses later. Though he was the gardener, he also assisted with their watering and feeding.

We started across the polo field, Manuel stopping now and then to stuff a squirrel or gopher hole with stones, grass and dirt — protection for the legs of the horses. We reached the southeast bluff of the cliff, known as Fossil Hill. There below sat Los Banos del Mar indoor "plunge". At that time the so-called "pleasure pier" was used only for pumping sea water in for the plunge, and by the big boys and men who dove into the breakers. I thought of Mr. Watts, a kindly man who allowed my sister and me to swim in the pool he managed. Now, from the cliff we watched ocean swimmers and waders, doll-like in size. Dogs frolicked in the water, barking and chasing each other. I looked at Billy as he watched them. His ears erect, he seemed to be smiling, swinging his tail in enjoyment of the scene.

Manuel turned toward the west and we made our way carefully along the cliff's edge. At the point where we stopped, there had been a Spanish fortification of four brass cannons for Santa Barbara's protection. As we watched the big swells pushing in from far out, they became huge waves that splattered noisily on the beach, causing a high tide and wetting the high, dry sands with long, probing fingers of foam. Castle Rock, the famous old landmark, was below us. Now it stood, wet and black, at times covered with foam from the exploding breakers.

A family of seals, normally found on the seaward side of Castle Rock sunning themselves, were now out near the kelp line fishing, their round, shiny heads poking out of the water — then disappearing again. The bumpy carriage and foot path that led around the Rock was full of the surging sea. Puddles of sea water and slippery kelp and long strands of sea grasses were scattered everywhere. Hundreds of small crabs and other sea life scrambled from tiny crannies to miniature caves betwen the waves. They would gorge themselves on whatever the sea left for them. This smell of high tide, so fresh, salty and nearly quinine in ocean fragrance rose to envelop us like an invisible cloud.

Off farther to the southwest, the cliff slipped away into a wooded ravine (now the site of La Playa Stadium). Various cypresses, sagebrush and the inevitable poison oak growing profusely created a wild effect. From the top of Leadbetter Hill, now Cliff Drive, a narrow, bumpy dirt road snaked down to the beach and the dry sand. Seldom used by cars because chuckholes and ruts were much too deep to cope with, it

was popular for horseback riders, being picturesque and deserted. (Now it is busy Loma Alta Drive.) Here, too, the shore stretched to what was called Second Point, a beautiful, broad white beach with clear water for swimming.

We turned inland to the west and again crossed the polo field to the stables. A paddock had been fenced in for the ten or twenty horses milling and browsing in the large enclosure. Manuel opened the gate. As we walked through, horses came to greet us inquisitively. We were in their midst, and at first I was frightened by them, but Manuel talked, calling each by its name. He slapped their rumps and stroked noses. This reassured me; now they seemed friendly and only curious about me.

On one side of the horse paddock, a long, green string of stables with individual stalls and Dutch type doors stood with gaping tops or open bottoms. A few of the horses straggled after us, inquisitively. Dropped from the tall eucalyptus tree overhead, a scattering of leaves lay on the hard-packed ground. With a combination of odors from hay, manure, leaves and horse urine, a sensation of smells new to me was impressed on my memory, still as pungent today. The first few stalls were empty. But those horses that had followed us suddenly turned and walked away quickly from one stall open at the top. Manuel lifted me to look in. A sweet, clean scent of straw, hay and sweat accosted me along with an enormous rump of a horse.

Still holding me, Manuel told me this was the "bull for making babies." Just as the "bull" turned around, Manuel dropped me. The horse's head jerked up and down as he glared in annoyance; I remember seeing the startled, angry brown eyes, whites showing. We then heard a resounding kick slam against the back wall, and loud neighing. I jumped back in sweaty fear — my two hands searching for Manuel's comforting hands. Found! But Manuel, too, was afraid of this testy breeding stallion. Down the line of stalls we went; I squatted down, cautiously peering into the darkness. No legs, no horses — empty and quiet.

Never had I been so close to such large animals. Chickens, cats and dogs had been my total animal experiences. These horses appeared monstrous. I could have walked under them, though I dared not. Now the late summer sun behind the towering trees cast an early speckled shade. I looked up at the castle shining brightly in full sun — the effect was overpowering for me. Homesick, my mind wandered and wondered as I thought about the immediate and foreign world I was experiencing.

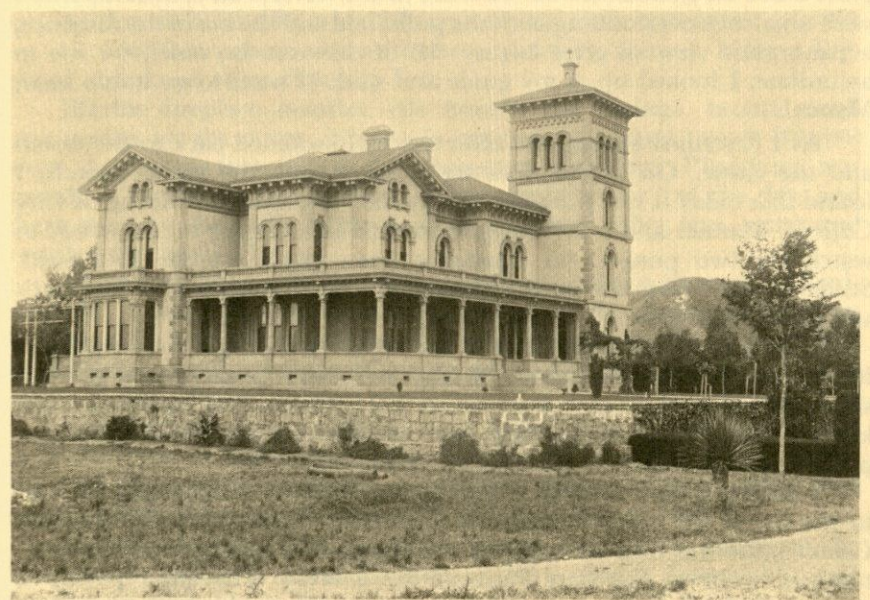
Manuel had gone on to another stall where he stopped and opened both doors. I hurried after him and watched as he removed a leather strap hanging on the wall. In the dimness inside was the outline of another huge horse. Manuel, talking and pushing, pulled the horse around and hooked the strap into a bright and shiny brass ring and led old "Nip" out of the stall and into the light. She appeared smaller than in the stall; she was a sleek sorrel with a light brown, silky coat, and looked very sleepy. Most other horses here had short, bobbed tails with braided manes. I backed away, but Manuel handed me the strap and ordered

me to "walk". I took the strap from him and to my great astonishment, Nip plodded sleepily after me. Manuel patted her neck — "she's old, but made lotsa' babies."

Suddenly stopping me, Manuel grabbed me and swung me onto Nip's broad, fat back. I grabbed her thick mane, closed my eyes and hung on tighty. When I opened them, the view from the top of Nip seemed fearsome. But then I noticed her large head gently bobbing in a nodding motion and her soft ears moving with each lumbering, sleepy step. I had the pleasurable feeling of being almost a part of her. I was riding Nip! Manuel led the half-asleep horse around and around, then finally back into the sweet-smelling stall.

I was tiring, and not yet had we arrived at the castle. I held Manuel's hand as we walked along the packed, stone-lined curb toward the mansion. Cypress conifers bordering the sides of the road ushered us up to the gleaming stone building. Squatted there on its elevation, it afforded a spectacular view of Santa Barbara, the ocean and the distant Santa Ynez mountains. Even the back side of this massive house overwhelmed one.

A stone wall partially encircled it; Manuel opened a black iron gate in one corner of the wall. He made a "ssst" sound and ordered Billy to "go home" — to a long, separate building. Billy went. After a long and noisy drink of water from a pot by the doorstep, plopping down, he tapped his tail in contentment. Manuel began whispering that he "lived here; the chauffeur at the other end" of the long building. Manuel grasped my hand and we walked across the graveled courtyard to enter a door of a dark room. A fruity-wood fragrance greeted us. Manuel switched on a dim light bulb to show me the results of his harvest of



The Dibblee House with Cannon S.B. Historical Society

oranges, lemons, vegetables and walnuts. Oak fireplace wood was stacked high on the back wall. The blend of these fragrances remains with me, focusing on this olden-day fairyland. Manuel was whispering to me again. Why, I knew not; perhaps he didn't either. It enhanced the awe and mystery of all my experiences that day. We crossed to the house and mounted the stone steps of the north side of the castle.

A long, covered porch extended to the west. We passed the trunk room and larder to enter the kitchen. No one in it. Large and small pots hung gleaming from hooks above the enormous range. Without activity, it was almost lonely, so cavernous was it. It would soon come to life, for the cook and her helper would begin preparations of the evening meal for staff. Governess, maid and chauffeur were away with the family. Since other serving staff of the household were on holiday, there was comparatively little for cook to do. We entered the servants' dining room: deserted. Manuel helped himself to a red apple from a bowl of fruit. With his pocket knife, he carefully cut it in two. I clutched my half without ever eating a bite. We moved through the dark pantry smelling of cheese, fruit and wine, and then into the main dining room. I stopped, looking up. One hand held my uneaten apple; the other reached for Manuel's. There above us were the crystal chandeliers dripping from the ceiling, flashing brightly even without lights turned on. Highly polished hardwood floors and walls shone like mirrors.

We passed into the entrance hall and the parlor. Here again were different color motifs and ceiling frescos, furnishings in breathtaking beauty and taste. Manuel pointed out things I didn't see, so much of it. Still he whispered, as if he, too, was in awe of the vast wealth on display. Now I was very tired, but on we went to the library, an enormous room with an alcove overlooking both the polo field and the sea in the distance, a panoramic view of great beauty. All of this was too much for me to assimilate; I looked up at my guide and said, "I want to go home now, Manuel."

As I described earlier, the old road had switched back to the north and the castle. On my exploratory journey after the tennis match, I found that today it is solidly blocked by the Humanities building of City College. Manuel and I had stopped in that area, sitting in the weeds to watch the two ponies. An expansive lawn grows on the polo field. Students' cars now are neatly parked on both sides where Manuel's vegetables flourished.

Looking out over the bluff to the breakwater, I saw the sand-filled harbor and beaches. Hundreds of blue and white boats floated at their slips, choked in their own population. I felt sad that the open sea I had known with its mysterious tides and sea life was gone. The kelp line pushed far out where no seals fished or played.

I turned away, finding a fire lane to follow. It appeared to lead to the site of the castle. I followed it past the Humanities and Student Center buildings and up a rise to the old plateau and came to a lovely, tranquil scene at the East Patio of the Library. The quiet patio, of almost plaza size, was unoccupied except for busy birds in the olive

trees. The late summer sun slanted on the site as it had that day, long ago. Here once stood "Punta del Castillo," the old castle of the Dibblee-Leadbetter estate. In a contemplative mood, I experienced a sensation of happiness and satisfaction that no building had been erected here. Tucked away, close by was the lovely sculpture by Henri Toussaint, "Cycle of Life." And perhaps all this has been another cycle of life in the span of long ago.

FOOTNOTE BY S.H.R.
LEADBETTER'S ESTATE

Development of Thomas B. Dibblee's forty-acre property began as early as 1873, when a local newspaper announced that an artesian well was being bored for irrigation of the orchards he planned to set out.[1] By June, 1877, there was a "terraced hillside on the southeast, green with thrifty grapevines, and at its base a garden with lemon and orange trees. . . ."[2]

The house of Italian architecture, completed in 1886, was a local tourist attraction, rivaling Nob Hill mansions of San Francisco. The stone for the massive retaining wall surrounding the terrace where the house stood, was quarried and cut by Joe Dover in Mission Canyon, and drawn by horse and wagon to the Mesa for the foundations and portions of the house walls, too.[3]

It is no wonder that the small schoolboy was awed by the huge structure, for everything was on a massive scale. There were twelve rooms on the first floor, with large entrance and staircase halls, Corinthian columns and pilasters, enriched cornices and stained glass windows. In addition to a grand parlor, library, dining room and other quarters on the first floor, there was a "buttery, pantries, alcoves, halls, a fire-proof china and other closets."

Marble fireplace mantles, tile hearths and facings, bronze metal mountings on the doors, intricately grained wood and ornate frescoes were decorative features of the three-story dwelling. Plumbing was installed "according to the best sanitary regulations" of the day, and there were in the walls a "network of speaking tubes, gas, water and ventilating pipes."[4]

Thomas Dibblee died in 1895; his widow sold the property to Frederick W. Leadbetter from Seattle, according to the *Morning Press*, on February 17, 1906. They had been Potter Hotel guests that winter. Mr. Leadbetter plotted a polo field on the gently sloping land in the "front yard" of this adopted "winter residence."[5]

The first games of polo had been played here in May, 1899, on a field laid out at Agricultural Park, the lower east side fair grounds. By 1905 there were a number of matches, and other polo fields were developed on the west side and at Hope Ranch before 1910.

As early as July, 1913, local newspapers announced games on the "Leadbetter field." A storm in January, 1914, almost destroyed it, and Leadbetter went out in the rain to save the land. With the help of two

young assistants, he rescued troughs or culverts that had drained the water, but were washed away by the deluge, replaced them, strengthened heavy embankments and saved the field. Later, he installed a tile drainage system.[10]

A *Morning Press* "Society" item March 8, 1914, told that a large number of people witnessed a Sunday afternoon game on Leadbetter's field, with "almost a hundred motor cars parked by the side of the field." Between two of the periods there was a race between Leadbetter's horse, "Blue Moon," ridden by Felton Elkins, and "Midget," of a Mr. Weatherwax. After the game was over, Mrs. Leadbetter served tea to her friends at her home.

In February, 1915, games were planned for Saturday and Wednesday afternoons. The Leadbetter family was just back from a trip. Tea, coffee and soft drinks were served on the field during the game.[11]

The Polo Club was still playing on the Leadbetter field in February, 1916, for the turf on the new Bartlett Field in Montecito was not yet in condition; it was opened in March, 1916. At that time a "Society" note stated that the young ladies of this vicinity had "caught the epidemic of polo enthusiasm and are familiar figures on the Leadbetter field in practice."[12] Major games of polo were switched to the Bartlett and other fields as they were developed after 1916.

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Mesa Fortifications

By Stella Haverland Rouse

Several regional history books mention a "fort" on the site of the present City College on the Mesa. It is difficult to distinguish legend from fact, and since a number of Santa Barbarans have been interested in sources of information regarding that old installation, we have collected several statements regarding it.

The earliest source available is the Frenchman Duflot de Mofras' *Travels on the Pacific Coast,* 1840-42. His rather sketchy map of the Port of Santa Barbara indicates on the cliff's shoreline near the present City College buildings a *"Magazine de Poudre"* and a *"Batterie Ruinée."*[1] Russell Ruiz says that the "fort" probably was a simple earth embankment placed there in the late eighteenth century, when Spanish California was threatened with invasion by English vessels. Ruiz pointed out that each of the other presidios, San Francisco, Monterey and San Diego had forts. Other maps show their locations, and some earth ruins have been found.

David Banks Rogers in *Prehistoric Man of the Santa Barbara Coast*[2] stated in 1929 that at the eastern end of the deposit of Indian camp refuse at the brink of the cliff near the present City College one could discern "the outline of a Spanish redoubt that once guarded the harbor." His map marks a fort, "Castillo Point," near the Dibblee mansion that was built on the site in the 1880s. An old Spanish cannon, said to be "from a fort that once commanded the bay," is shown on the lawn of the Dibblee mansion, *"Punta del Castillo,"* in a photograph in *Noticias,* Winter, 1970.[3]

The Federal Writers' Project, in its *Guide to Santa Barbara,* mentions "Castle Rock Bluff on which the earliest Barbarenos built a stone fortress to guard their landing place against the invasion of pirates."[4] The book continues that "circular rock formations mark the SITE OF A SPANISH FORTRESS BUILT BETWEEN 1780 and 1790. . . . believed to have been erected by Santa Barbara Presidio soldiers." But that book acknowledges that there are no records extant regarding its erection, or any "military engagements" or any buccaneers defying the fort.

Newspaper reporters have capitalized on this "romantic ruin" by publishing fanciful accounts of it. In October, 1873, the *Daily Press* reprinted from the *Overland Monthly* a tale of a "haunted rock," apparently Castle Rock, where there were barely visible ruins of a "castle originally built for defense against the natives."[5]

Read what some more modern reporters said about the high point above Castle Rock: Elizabeth Mason in 1945 stated that a watch was kept there in 1818 for the pirate Bouchard when there were rumors that he was coming down the coast, and "a cannon was dragged over from the Presidio. . . ."[6]

"R. G. F." (Reginald Fernald) in 1945 reported that "legend has it

there was once a Spanish Fort atop Castle Rock," and Thomas B. Dibblee named his home *Punta del Castillo* for it.[7] (In the early days Castle Rock was more firmly joined to the mainland than in the 1880s.)

In June, 1949, a school girl's "legendary romance of Castle Rock" told the tale of a princess imprisoned in a tower at the site of *Punta del Castillo.*[8] The reporter who secured the story from the then grown-up writer stated that the Spaniards "built a *castillo,* mounting four brass cannon for the protection of the settlement." (One Spanish word for fort is *castillo*). The tradition was that when a ship sailed into port, the soldiers fired the cannon and the sailors returned the salute. Apparently the romantic tale circulated freely among Santa Barbara youth when the student, Mrs. Emma Meroux Gehl, wrote the "composition."

A story April 22, 1952, in the *News-Press* mentions "cryptic references in old Spanish records to a *castillo* or fortification" above Castle Rock, but does not name specific documents.[9] That writer, too, states that there were four brass cannon to repel enemy ships. He must have thought that the fort was built before founding of the presidio (1782), for he concluded, "if the redoubt ever existed, its location has been erased by the erosion and earthquakes of the past 180 years," which would date back to 1772.

The Spanish choice of the fort's location was logical, for in 1889 a Major Haskin of the United States Army on an investigtion of possible coastal protection of Santa Barbara and other maritime towns made copious notes on "harbor defense."[10] He suggested that the town study means of protection, and informed citizens that

> with a small outlay a man-of-war could be kept at a distance great enough to guarantee the safety of the city. By placing several four-mile guns on Dibblee's and Booth's Points [where there was a rock formation similar to Castle Rock] a cross-fire could be poured into any vessel bold enough to approach, that would eventually stop its further progress.

The survey probably was made at a time when Germany and the United States were involved in a diplomatic dispute over the Samoan Islands.

Although there was little publicity, the Mesa was used for defense after the Japanese submarine attack on Ellwood, February 23, 1942. When I began investigating ammunition storage facilities there recently, some Santa Barbarans had never heard of them. Dr. Louie S. Taylor, who lived on Mira Monte Drive, said that they did exist, as did Mr. and Mrs. Arthur B. Clemens. They also pointed out that a long quonset-like "hut" on their property on Meigs Road above Cliff Drive is a concrete building set into the ground about nine feet deep. It is not a wartime product, but is dated 1913, and was constructed to house the "Pinkham Bottling Works," which bottled mineral water.

Retired fireman Albert John Weeks, who lived on the Mesa for many years, said that there were a number of "bunkers" on land above Cliff Drive. Most of the area is now a housing tract. He also thought that near the corner of Cliff Drive and Salida Del Sol an air raid shelter was installed for neighborhood protection.

Eldon Haskell, a Heavy Artillery Battery Commander in the Army,

told me that he installed emplacements for guns and munitions storage here and in Ventura after the "shelling" attempt near Ellwood. Huge, well-camouflaged trenches were dug on land where Prince Mdivani, one-time spouse of Barbara Hutton, earlier had drilled oil wells. Haskell built bases for gun movements with a 360 degree field of fire. The Mdivani brothers sued the army, and guards prevented several attempts to break into the restricted area. Haskell was sent overseas soon after this construction, so did not follow developments.

A *News-Press* story April 7, 1948,[11] attributed Mesa protection to the Navy, saying that both large sections of the Navy Ammunition Storage facility on La Mesa were back in possession of civilian property owners:

> John Carroll, real estate broker, has obtained the deed for the top section of the facility, approximately 60 acres.
>
> The lower section, starting along Cliff Drive, went to the Lomas Corporation of San Francisco. . . . It comprises about 93 acres and was sold first, but the consummation of the deal was never announced here.

The article stated that during the war the Navy used the large area to store ammunition for large and small caliber guns. On the property which Carroll purchased were "a dozen storage dumps built of heavy concrete into sides of the hills." It was pointed out that those installations could be used for garages or for foundations of houses if the property was developed. Perhaps some future investigator will be able to secure elusive information regarding the demolition of the munitions bunkers, or their fate.

In addition to shore patrol at the emplacements, an aircraft-spotting station was located in the old Low barn near the former lighthouse site.

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Mr. and Mrs. Eugene F. Rogers, Allen and Marion.

Joan A. Canby

The Memoir of Eugene F. Rogers

Edited by Joan A. Canby with S.H.R.

Eugene F. Rogers, with the encouragement of his family and friends, wrote a Memoir that he called "Merchandising Memoirs," that recorded his impressions and experiences of early Santa Barbara. Portions of this Memoir, which was written before his death in 1941, and which has been in the possession of his grandchildren and great-grandchildren, are presented in *Noticias.* The complete account is on file at the Historical Society Library.

He was a man who used his life to learn and settle the West. He was a dedicated businessman, a responsible parent and a community citizen who provided Santa Barbara with some of its earliest services. He was a tradesman in dry goods and groceries. He was an explorer who launched ships to hunt the sea lions off the Channel Islands. He was a gold hunter in Alaska, a rancher and merchant in Arizona and an "oil king" in Summerland. His story is an example of Yankee know-how, business acumen, civic integrity and sober judgment during the early pioneer period of Santa Barbara. It is an accurate account of an ordinary citizen's building of a life, a business and a family in early Santa Barbara.

Eugene Rogers was born January 17, 1854, in Walden Heights, Caledona County, Vermont. Glowing letters about California's opportunities induced Eugene and his father to come to Santa Barbara in 1873. Later his sister and brothers, Alvah and Herbert, who married Peter Barber's daughter, also came.

Following his venturesome early life, he settled down in Santa Barbara, first operating a grocery business opposite the upper Clock Building, below Carrillo Street. When J. A. Blood, who owned a furniture store near the Clock Building, and who owed Rogers some money, decided to abandon his business, Rogers took over, managing with his son, Allen, a store that lasted until 1968. He also owned stores in Ventura and San Bernardino. He begins his narrative with a description of his father, Augustine Rogers:

"Father" was well known as Ben Rogers. He was a farmer, merchant and hotel keeper at East Walden, Vermont. When I was not in school, I clerked in his store until I was about sixteen years of age.

SEWING MACHINE SALESMAN

In the spring of the year 1869 I went to Boston and secured employment in the store of Ezra Allen on Washington Street, for several months. I did not like this position, as my salary was but $5 weekly, and my meals and lodging amounted to $6 weekly. I was offered a position with H. C. Hayden, agent for the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Co. . . . . at a salary of $300 a year. After working one month

in the adjusting room, I asked to be put on a commission basis, soliciting orders for machines. After working one year and saving $1000 in commissions, I was offered a position with the Elias Howe Sewing Machine Company, New York. I accepted it, and was sent by them to Jersey City. . . . After six months I decided to return to the Wheeler and Wilson Sewing Machine Co., Boston, where I was offered the agency for their machines at Lawrence and Haverhill, Massachusetts. I was in charge of this territory until my cousin, Hansen Rogers, came to see me and persuaded me to take a trip with him to Denver and Pueblo, Colorado, where I had another cousin, George W. Perkins, who had a small furniture store there.

THE FIRST TRIP WEST

My cousin Hansen and I travelled from New York on an immigrant train over the Erie route and connecting roads to Kansas City, and from there to Denver on the Kansas Pacific Railroad. Just before we reached New York, a ship arrived in port filled with German immigrants who were planning to settle in the middle states. My cousin and I had slender means and could not afford to travel on a first class ticket. These immigrant cars were attached to freight trains, consequently travel was slow, and there were no sleeping accommodations.

After sitting up three nights in a crowded car full of German peasants, we decided to attempt boarding a faster train without change of ticket. There was some objection on the part of the conductor, but he allowed us to go on to Kansas City, Missouri, and there transfer to the Kansas Pacific Railroad Co., the only railroad in the West at that time.

In crossing the states of Kansas and Colorado we encountered many herds of buffalo on the plains. Hunters were slaughtering them in large numbers for their hides which we saw drying and piled in quantities at the various stations along the way ready for shipment. At one point an enormous herd of many hundreds was crossing the railroad track, which delayed our train for three-quarters of an hour.

On the train we had several "three card monte" men and a few prospectors on their way to Denver, Colorado. . . . At this early day the population of Denver was only five thousand. After remaining a short time in Denver, we decided to go to Pueblo. To Colorado Springs, at which place an English colony had settled, we travelled on a narrow gauge railroad, thence by stage to Pueblo, as the railroad was then under construction.

Pueblo, located on the north bank of the Arkansas River, had from two to three thousand inhabitants at this time. . . . While there, I went hunting for deer and antelope in the Greenhorn Mountains, stopping at the ranch of Peter Dobson about thirty miles away. During my stay at this ranch a band of Ute Indians appeared and in three days killed more than a hundred deer. Antelope and deer were very numerous, also black bear.

After a few months in the West, I left my two cousins and started home, stopping on the way at Kansas City, where I spent two months selling machines for the Wheeler and Wilson Co., and earned enough money to purchase a ticket to St. Louis, Missouri. On the road to St. Louis, our train ran off the track near Jefferson City and we were delayed one day. The train was wrecked and many passengers were injured. I could not afford a berth in the sleeping car, so about midnight, being hungry, I walked forward to the baggage car and purchased some cookies of the train boy. At that moment the car in which I was riding began rolling down an embankment. When it finally came to a stop, I made my escape thru a window unhurt, and I still had a cookie between my teeth. The shock was terrific and I trembled for an hour afterwards. . . .

[Eugene Rogers' previous experience in selling sewing machines merited sales positions in St. Louis, in Columbus, Kentucky and in Memphis, Tennessee, until he had enough money to go to Cincinnati on the packet boat *Andy Baum*]:

Our passenger list was composed of a New York theatrical company and orchestra who had been playing during the winter at the Grand Opera House at Memphis. We were two weeks making the trip, as we stopped at all the little landing places along the Mississippi River, loading and unloading freight. We passed our time playing poker and drinking whiskey on the boat, and the hour or two we were ashore at each landing place we spent in talking to the natives, both black and white. . . .

[Having spent all his money on the trip from Memphis, he again sold Singer Sewing Machines]:

I was fairly successful in my machine selling in Cincinnati, and getting impatient to start homeward, I sold out my commissions on machines to a fellow for $40 or $50. After paying my board and room rent, I had only enough money left to purchase a ticket to Montreal. When I arrived at Montreal I decided to telegraph to Father for money, but upon leaving the hotel to cross the street I looked down on the sidewalk and saw a $5 Canadian bill, so instead of telegraphing, I took the bill into the hotel lobby where a poker game was in progress. After I had watched the players awhile, one of them left, and I asked permission to take his place. I played for some hours, and then left with $20 in my pocket. The next day I took the train for Walden Heights to visit the family. . . .

[Then followed more agencies in Boston and in northern New Hampshire, with his headquarters in Littleton]:

The machines were sold on a commission basis, and at that time they were in great demand and business was good. Being young and fond of a good time, I did not work as hard as I should have. There were many young people in Littleton at that time, and during the winter months especially, there were many dancing parties. I attended these parties not only in Littleton, but in the surrounding towns. . . .

THE TRIP TO CALIFORNIA

I continued with my work until 1873, when I gave it up and returned to Vermont where my father and I planned a trip to California. I had previously contemplated taking a sea voyage to South America, stopping off at Buenos Aires, where, I had been told, there was an excellent opening for a Singer Sewing Machine agent. Upon reaching home and talking matters over with Father, who had become very tired of the cold, severe winters, he was anxious to go to a milder climate. About this time Father received a letter from his cousin, Guy White, who had left Vermont some time before and gone West, finally settling in Santa Barbara. He wrote a glowing account of the beautiful country, with its mild climate and almost perpetual sunshine, and this letter was really what decided us to start for the West.

Early in the fall of 1873, we left home, going by rail to Boston and there taking the Fall River Line to New York. Then we purchased tickets to San Francisco for $100 each on the steamer *Acapulco* of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company. The stewards were all colored. The water thru the Gulf was so rough that most of the passengers were seasick. After ten days we arrived at Aspinwall, where we took a train for a day's ride across the Isthmus to Panama. The heat was intense, and at the half-way station on the Chagres River we refreshed ourselves with fruits, among them a species of banana found only on the Isthmus — a short and thick banana.

At Panama there had been an insurrection, and for the safety of the passengers, a company of Mexican troops accompanied us to our steamer, *China* by name, also of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company.

On this steamer the stewards were all Chinese. We made one stop at Acapulco along the Mexican coast, which had a fine harbor, and we went ashore and visited a famous old fort. Thence we went without a further stop up the California coast to San Francisco. The trip from New York to San Francisco lasted thirty-six days. In San Francisco we were obliged to stay over for a couple of days before getting a steamer to Santa Barbara, and where we received our introduction to the California fleas, which were so annoying that we could not sleep. Our sail down the coast from San Francisco to Santa Barbara on the steamer *Constantine*, a Captain Harloe in command, took three days.

Upon our arrival in Santa Barbara, we went directly to the home of Guy White on East Victoria Street. His family consisted of his wife and son, George, then about two years of age, and a Miss Brown, a sister of Mrs. White. After being in Santa Barbara barely a month, Father decided to purchase a permanent home, so he purchased the vacant lot on the corner of Laguna and East Victoria Street, adjoining Mr. White's property, for $1500 in gold. At that time California was on a gold basis. Currency was worth only 73 cents, and did not become par for several years, and as Father had brought only currency from the East, this had to be exchanged for gold before purchasing the land for the new house.

Santa Barbara had then a population of only 3000, two-thirds of whom were native Californians. The prominent men of the city were Mortimer Cook, who was president of the First National Bank and soon afterward made Mayor, and John P. Stearns, who built the new wharf. The Courthouse had just been completed, and the old Arlington Hotel was under construction. The Santa Barbara College was organized by Ellwood Cooper, Col. William W. Hollister, Charles E. Huse and others, but was headed by Mrs. Ellwood Cooper and located in the building built for the college on the site where the present San Marcos Building stands. C. A. Storke came to Santa Barbara under contract to join the faculty of this College, which was founded as a means of providing a higher course of study than the town schools at that time afforded. There were both day and boarding pupils. The Old Mission furnished water for the city — the reservoir being in Mission Canyon. Back of the Mission and on the surrounding hills were Government lands that were later filed on by different claimants. There were very few homes in Montecito.

CLOSING BUSINESS IN VERMONT

In the spring of 1874, at the suggestion of Father, I took the steamer *Senator* to San Francisco, and then went East by rail over the Central and Union Pacific Railroads, which had recently been completed. The purpose of this trip was to close out all business Father had left in Vermont and to bring Mother and Brother Herbert back to Santa Barbara. At this time Father planned to have the new home ready to move into. Upon arrival at East Walden, I made arrangements to hold an auction to sell the stock of merchandise and all real estate. My Uncle Norman, Mother's brother, purchased the Hotel. . . . Great interest and excitement was shown in our plans by the neighbors. Before leaving for the West, a farewell reception was held for Mother, and friends from Cabot, Hardwick and Lanville came to bid her goodby. . . . The square piano, set of china dishes with gold band, and many other household articles highly prized by Mother were packed and shipped to California.

We left early in the fall of 1874 by rail for Boston, thence to New York by the Fall River Line. The steamer *Colima* carried us as far as Aspinwall. A rough sea down the Atlantic Coast and thru the Gulf Stream made us all seasick — in fact, Mother was very sick the entire trip of thirty-two days to San Francisco and was confined to her stateroom. Among the passengers were Mr. and Mrs. William R. Boyce, who settled in San Francisco where Mr. Boyce was connected for many years with the San Francisco Bulletin. In later years they moved to Santa Barbara to be near Mr. Boyce's aged parents, and here Mrs. William Boyce still makes her home. . . . Our trip across the Isthmus of Panama was made in a day, and my experience not unlike that of the year before — intense heat and an abundance of fruit — especially bananas.

At Panama we boarded the steamer *Granada* of which Captain Cavalry was in charge. . . . There were added to our passenger list at

Acapulco some Spanish people, whose home was in Guatemala — children of coffee planters. They with their musical instruments and dancing furnished entertainment each evening for us on the upper deck. During the days my time was spent principally playing poker, but I have no remembrance of losing much. Most of the way from Panama and Acapulco we experienced vivid lightning and heavy thunder, and after passing the Gulf of California, we ran into a very severe northwest gale, causing much fear among the passengers lest we be unable to weather the storm.

RESIDENCE IN SANTA BARBARA

Upon arrival at San Francisco we were transferred to the steamer *Orizaba* with Captain Alexander, who took us down to Santa Barbara. We found that Father had the new home finished, and there on the corner of East Victoria and Laguna Streets we lived for many years.

I at once made arrangements with a Mr. McKenzie, the Western Singer Sewing Machine agent to sell machines. They gave me as my district three counties: Santa Barbara, Ventura and Los Angeles. I soon found my territory too great and confined my work to Ventura and Santa Barbara, selling many machines in Goleta, Montecito, Carpinteria and also in Ventura.



The modern Rogers' Store. Joan A. Canby

I dissipated quite a little and travelled with a gay set. There were frequent dances at night, and always on Sunday afternoons at the Lobero Theater, commencing at 1 o'clock and continuing until midnight. Father disapproved of my keeping such late hours and frequently said he feared I would end on the gallows. Mother always took sides with me, and although Father regularly locked the front door the nights I was out, Mother saw to it that the back door was left unfastened. One night I stayed out much later than usual, and fearing I might disturb the family, I took off my shoes before entering the house, but as I opened the door quietly, much to my surprise, there was Father making the kitchen fire for breakfast.

The Carrillos, Covarrubias, Martins, Andonagues and Packards were some of the families to whose homes I often went and was entertained. . . .

In December of this year [1874?] I went to Los Angeles to attend the County Fair, which was held on the grounds near where the Hamburger Department store was later located (the May Co.). Returning by stage, rain began to fall soon after we left Los Angeles, and by the time we reached the Conejo, the adobe mud was so deep that we were obliged to remain over for two days before continuing our journey. Caesar Lataillade was one of my fellow-passengers. . . .

BUSINESSES IN SANTA BARBARA

In the year 1875, Father opened a grocery store on the corner of State and West Figueroa Streets, renting the building from Augustine Janssens. I was affiliated with Father, and in addition to carrying groceries we had sewing machines. As though these two branches of business were not sufficient to occupy my time, I became interested in hunting seals and sea otter, and also in gathering abalone shells on the Channel Islands. For these purposes I purchased first the schooner *Surprise* and later two schooners, *Keturah* and *N. B.* George and Jake Nidever, Manuel Cordero, Antonio Cavarillo, Jose Espinosa and Charles Brown were employed by me on these boats. Some of the seals were shipped East for exhibition purposes. Others were killed, the hides sold to be converted into leather, the oil used for various purposes, and the trimmings going to Chinamen. I had fifteen to twenty Chinamen employed in prying the abalones off the rocks at the islands. The abalone shells were shipped to Baltimore and London to be made into buttons, while the abalone meats were boiled and dried and then shipped to San Francisco and from there to China.

After spending the year in the grocery business in the Janssens building, Father decided to retire, so my brother Alvah, who had come from the East, and I opened a grocery store in the Mortimer Cook building on State Street where the Cornwall store later stood, and the firm was named "Rogers Brothers."

The year 1875 is remembered as the "dry year," having only about five inches of rain. The ranchers suffered heavy losses from the dying of their cattle due to the lack of feed.

In the spring of 1876 I leased the Jacques ranch, which afterwards became the Spiritualistic Colony of Summerland, and put down two oil wells. I sent back to Pennsylvania for machinery and an engineer and drilled five or six hundred feet. One of the wells was worked and our tools were dripped down into the other and lost, so we abandoned both, concluding that the oil we found was merely a seepage and it would be better to get at the source of the supply back in the mountains, and then we formed the "Santa Barbara Oil Company." About the same time we put down two wells at Camulos, but being on government land and having no railroad connections, these wells also were given up. I was called the "Oil King" and was persuaded by my friends to run for the mayorship at the election in the fall of 1876. I was defeated by thirty-five votes, and Mr. Chamberlain was elected mayor.

In January, 1877*, a severe southeaster destroyed the wharf, and all the freight and passengers had to come ashore in lighters. I had two built and named them the "Oil King" and the "Baptist Dugout." About three hundred feet of the end of the wharf was left standing at which the ships tied up and were unloaded. The lighter was propelled by a rope attached at one end to a post firmly sunk in the sand and at the other to an anchor not far from the wharf. The freight and passengers were transferred to the lighters and taken as near to the shore as possible, but it was still necessary for the sailors to wade knee-deep in order to carry the women passengers to land.

In the spring, Caesar Lataillade, who had been elected as councilman from the third ward (called the "Bloody Third") resigned to make a trip to Spain, and I, living in this ward, was chosen to succeed him.

SEA OTTER BUSINESS

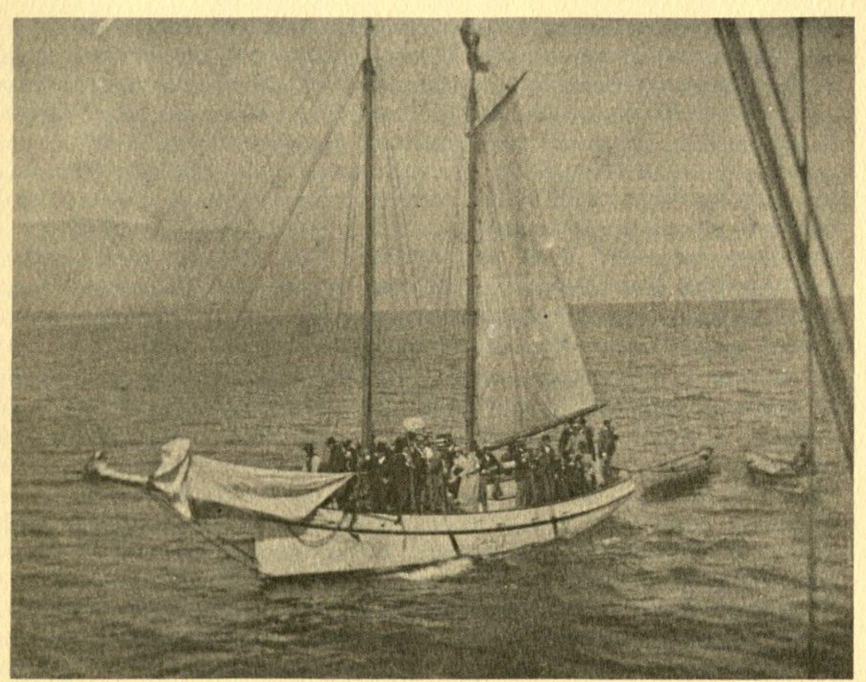
During this year the County National Bank had built for us a structure on the site now occupied by the Holiday Hardware Company [810-12 State] to be used for a grocery store in connection with the other one we were conducting. About this time my sister, Mary, and her husband, Lawrence Lillie, moved out here from Boston and he was made our bookkeeper. Some of my employees were Al Pierce, Fred Pierce, Will Higgins and Eugene George. As Alvah was here to take charge of the grocery business, I took the opportunity to go to the Guadalupe Islands, Lower California, on a sea otter trip.

The schooner *Surprise* had for her crew Manuel Cota, Jose Olivas, Antonio Cavarillo and young Knox, a brother of Dr. Knox of Santa Barbara and of Philander Knox, one-time Secretary of War. Also, George and Jake Nidever, sons of Captain George Nidever, who discovered the [Indian] woman on San Nicholas Island (sic). . . .

We stopped all along the way at Coronado Islands, Descansia Bay (sic), Ensenada and Cape Everrett, (sic) succeeding in shooting a few otter, but it was at San Quentin that we ran into a school of two

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*This was 1878, according to historical records.



The Rogers' boat, *Surprise*. Joan A. Canby

hundred, and out of that number managed to get about forty. No shooting of sea otter had ever been done there and they were very tame, coming close to our boat. We took them to San Martin to clean and dry the skins. At this time the skins were only worth about $50 apiece, but in later years they brought anywhere from $500 to $1000.

We anchored off San Quentin Bay and with a small boat rowed up close to shore and walked across a salt marsh to the home of the son of Judge Hyde of San Francisco, for whom Hyde Street was named. He had married a Spanish woman and lived there. He invited us to his home where he had a still and treated us to a drink of Mescal. We were unfamiliar with it, and not realizing its strength, became intoxicated. There were many stingarees in those shallow waters which we had carefully avoided in going ashore, but in returning across the marsh to the boat we were in no condition in mind or body to look out for them.

The otter were killed by using a muzzle-loading gun in the hands of an expert, who stood up in the bow of the boat. The game was very exciting, as the otter would dive and then appear some distance away. In all, we killed fifty-five. We stayed some time in this locality still looking for the school, but never saw it again.

We were gone on this cruise three months, much longer than we had intended, and the report went abroad that we were all lost. The families of my crew visited the Catholic Church and offered prayers for their husbands, sons and brothers. When we did actually return

there was great rejoicing and we were the center of attraction.

Soon after my return from Lower California I began making trips to the Channel Islands for sea lions and sea otter. There were always sea lions to be found on the rocks of Santa Rosa and San Miguel Islands, and we knew of small schools of otter near these islands on the other side of San Miguel. We captured sea lions by lassoing them, but the otter by shooting. The coasts of both Santa Rosa and San Miguel Islands were rocky and dangerous. On these trips we used the three schooners, *Surprise, N. B.* and *Keturah*. The first two were wrecked and the third was afterwards sold. San Miguel was government land, but I owned a possessory right of half the island with the sheep, which I later turned over to Captain Waters.

We were unfortunate in the several trips made in losing a number of our men both by drowning and accidental shooting. Pedro Garcia, Pelican, so-called because of his long neck, and a colored boy, all drowned. Ventura Indian Bill, the cook, and another Indian lost their lives by being shot. On one of these trips Antonio Cavarillo and I went ashore on Santa Rosa Island while the rest were on San Miguel. While there, a severe southeast storm arose, and for two weeks we were obliged to remain and find shelter under an overhanging ledge in a small cave. We hung a small canvas taken off our boat at the entrance to the cave to keep some of the rain off us, but it was still pretty wet. Lying on our backs for so long a time on the damp sand, I took cold and later was a great sufferer from sciatica. In addition to my rheumatism due to the exposure, I coughed a great deal until I brought on hemorrhages, which confined me to my bed for a week. During this illness I had plenty of time to think and plan for the future. The warm dry climate of Arizona appealed to me, and I decided that as soon as I was able I would go there.

ARIZONA ENTERPRIZES

The Southern Pacific Railroad Company was completed for a few miles east of Yuma, but from there to Tucson we had to go by stage, which took us two days. We traveled day and night sitting up the entire distance. Every twenty miles or so we stopped at stage stations and changed horses.

While in Tucson I learned of Harshaw sixty miles away and only ten miles from the Mexican border. This was a new mining camp near the Hermosa Mine in the Patagonia Mountains, where a Mr. Gillette, a mining operator, was building a twenty-stamp mill. Here in Harshaw I did my first merchandising in Arizona. I purchased my stock in Tucson, and there being no lumber with which to build, was obliged to make use of a tent, twenty-five by fifty feet. Later I erected a granite structure from rock found close by.

In connection with the store at Harshaw I opened another at Washington Camp, twelve miles away, which George Metcalf of Santa Barbara managed for Rogers Brothers. We were also interested in some

mining claims there. These stores were in a way an outlet for our Santa Barbara stores — our eggs and butter coming from there, also much of our canned fruit, which was put up by the packing plant of Sheffield and Dimmick [established in 1880]. Our trade was principally with the Mexicans who came over the line and smuggled their purchases back across. Business was good and I was making one hundred per cent profit in most everything. In the one year I made $15,000. There was a very rough element in Harshaw — shooting frays and robberies were of frequent occurrence.

I continued in business for a year in Harshaw and then sold out to Mark Ezekiels. On my last trip to Harshaw from Tucson the stage had just reached Camp Crittenden, an old government post, over a very rough road when it tipped over. I was riding on the outside with the driver, and my hip was quite severely injured, laying me up for two weeks.

BISBEE, ARIZONA

My next move was to Bisbee, where I first purchased the interest of Lazard of the firm Lazard and Jones, but later bought out Jones, too. They were the only merchants in Bisbee, and furnished supplies to the Copper Queen Mining Company. There were three hundred men employed in the lower levels of the mine. At the smelter there were a hundred men, and we employed fifty men to cut wood and timber for the mine. The smelter men were paid in cash, but the Copper Queen Mining Company paid the miners by check on the tenth of each month.

Alvah, my brother, and I were with others interested in the Holbrook and Cave Mines, which were an extension of the Copper Queen, and we later sold out to the Copper Queen Company for $75,000. At that time copper was worth only four cents a pound with no prospects, as far as we could see, of its ever bringing any more.

There was no bank in Bisbee, so it was necessary for us to go to the bank in Tombstone for money with which to cash the check issued by the Copper Queen so that we could pay our employees. The Wells, Fargo stage had been robbed several times by two desperadoes, Curly Bill and Frank Stillwell, so at this time the express messenger had been taken off this route entirely. One day in returning from Tombstone to Bisbee, thirty miles away, on horseback, with considerable money, I was intercepted by a robber who also was on horseback. He accosted me and suggested that I take the lead. We had just come to a woodcutter's camp where I hastily decided to remain over and let the desperado go on. Although he had not molested me in any way, I felt sure he was only waiting his chance when he would rob me and possibly shoot to kill.

At about this same time the Indians got off the San Carlos Reservation and on the outskirts of Bisbee they attacked some ranchers who were curing hay, wounding one of them. A posse was organized at Bisbee, but by the time the men had arrived, the Indians had gotten

away to Galeyville where many of the inhabitants entrenched themselves in a mining shaft to escape. Word was sent to Tombstone for aid, but a number of the prospectors in the mountains were killed. These Indians belonged to the Geronimo outfit.

Father visited me while doing business in Bisbee, but decided not to remain long when he found it such a rough and lawless place. One evening during his stay with me James Connelly was killed in a saloon by a man named Hunt, a dealer of faro. They got into a dispute over the game and Hunt shot three times into Connelly's body. I was in the saloon at the time, and I, with others, hid behind the stove. When I went home and told Father about it, he decided to leave at once for Santa Barbara. He said he would not live in such a place. Shortly after this I sold my store and stock at Bisbee to Goldwater and Castenado.

As there was no bank in Bisbee, Castenado had to leave almost immediately for Tombstone to get money to use on the tenth of the month in cashing the checks as I had been in the habit of doing. Evidently he was being watched in the Tombstone bank by some desperate characters, for he had not been back at the Bisbee store more than a half hour when five men, all on horseback, arrived by another trail on the edge of town. One of the five men was left in charge of the horses; the other four went up town to the store — two of them were stationed outside the building and did not allow anyone to enter — the other two walked inside and ordered Mr. Goldwater at the point of a gun, to open the safe, provide them with a sack and empty into it all watches and valuables, which belonged to the miners working under ground, that the safe contained. Then they walked to the rear of the store where Castenado was lying on a cot and ordered him to turn over to them the $3,000 he had just brought over from Tombstone. . . .

The two men outside shot three people and wounded another, including the deputy sheriff; then the robbers mounted their horses and left town to start from Tombstone for Mexico. One was captured then, and hung by the populace to a telegraph pole; a few months later the other four men were sought in Sonora, Mexico, brought back to Tombstone, tried and found guilty. Clark, the sheriff, erected a staging and hung all four at the same time.

BENSON, ARIZONA

My next business venture was in Benson, where I purchased from Germain and Montgomery their warehouse at the railroad station and stone building on the main street. Here I did a jobbing business all along the San Pedro River, and various army posts. In addition to the Benson store, I opened one at Fairbanks, eighteen miles from Tombstone, which was under the management of George N. Kent and Sam Katerrstein. I also bought another store at Nogales, of which my brother, Herbert, took charge.

The Santa Fe people were at this time building the New Mexico and Arizona Railroad from Benson through Nogales to Guaymas,

Mexico. For six years I did the government freighting for the following Army posts: Fort Grant, Fort Thomas, Fort Huachuca, Fort Bowie and San Carlos — also field forage for Captain Lawton's and Captain Lobo's companies, and for Lieutenant Johnson's troops in the Whetstone Mountains. We also had the contracts for a million pounds of grain and the same for hay for Fort Huachuca.

We also supplied Captain Lawton's company which went into Sonora in pursuit of the Apaches under Geronimo. These Indians killed something like a hundred people in the surrounding moutains and had carried a woman from Calabasas with them into Mexico, but they were so closely followed by the soldiers that they left the woman behind and fled.

I had gone to Nogales with Captain Lawton to interpret to the Mexican authorities the reason for his soldiers crossing the line, that no trouble might arise later between the countries. . . .

I was the postmaster at Benson, and had to sort all the mail for Mexico, counting the letters and receiving a receipt from the Mexican postmaster for letters sent. I employed a hundred men and teams from St. David, a Mormon settlement, twelve miles from Benson, who did my freighting to Huachuca, Tombstone and various other points.

We owned out in the Galura Mountains two thousand head of cattle which had been driven up from Sonora, Mexico, in charge of William Roche. Our plan was to develop this land into a large cattle ranch, but later we sold it, taking in exchange Los Angeles property.

At this time there were in and about Tombstone three distinct factions composed of desperate characters: namely the Earp brothers, four in number, who were in the employ of Johnny Behan, sheriff of Cochise County; the four Klanton brothers, who were cattle rustlers and ran a meat market in Charlestown, a lawless place twelve miles from Tombstone, and Curly Bill, Doc Holliday and Frank Stillwell, who were operating near John Slaughter's ranch. During this feud three Klanton boys were killed, also Morgan, Frank Stillwell and Curly Bill.

On my way East in the summer of '88 the train was delayed for one-half day at San Simon, Arizona, where Colonel Forsythe with the Fourth Cavalry and twelve Indian scouts were pursuing a band of Apaches who were holding Stein's Pass. The soldiers routed the Indians, who passed down through the valley on their way to Mexico. . . .

In May, 1887, Benson and the surrounding country suffered seriously from earthquakes which continued for weeks. All the crockery on the shelves in my store were thrown off, many adobe walls fell, the Mormon Church at St. David was wrecked. Many fires were started in the mountains, caused by the friction of rocks rolling down; the air was full of dust and smoke, and the people were made seasick.

Due to the intense heat in Arizona, I was accustomed to spending the summer months in New England. In July of 1886, I met in Lancaster, New Hampshire, a Miss Mabel Goss from Melrose, Massachusetts, who was visiting in the home of Mr. and Mrs. Nelson Kent. Late the next year, 1887, I again went east and January 19, 1888, Miss Goss and

I were married in Melrose, Massachusetts, at the home of her parents. We left Boston early in February by a southern route, stopping off at St. Louis and El Paso, Texas. Benson was our objective, as I had decided to close out my business there and move to Santa Barbara. We spent in all six weeks in Arizona, making short trips to Tombstone, Fairbanks and Nogales, and also at Phoenix on our way to Los Angeles.

RETURN TO CALIFORNIA

That year we built our home on West Valerio Street in Santa Barbara, in which our son, Allen, was born, November 25, 1888. The following March we moved to Los Angeles where I was engaged in the commission business on upper Main Street.

In January, 1890, we went to San Francisco, where I opened a commission office at 605 Front Street, a branch of Rogers Brothers Produce Company. In 1892 Elias Beckman and I opened a clothing store on State Street in Santa Barbara and continued for some years. In the fall of 1892 we went East to Chicago with the idea of exhibiting sea lions at the World's Fair. . . . my plans there did not succeed, so we returned in November to Santa Barbara.

In 1894 the Midwinter Fair was opened in San Francisco, and I was induced by Ed Gaty of Santa Barbara to build what we named the Santa Barbara Amphibia, where exhibitions of trained sea lions were given. George A. Black was our trainer. A Spanish band in Spanish costume from Montecito was hired to entertain and attract the people. We were in San Francisco from January to August of that year.

In the fall of 1894 I became manager of the Santa Barbara Opera House, which was located where the Lobero Theater now stands — also of the Opera House stage: Robert Mantell, Sousa's Band, Shaw's Repertoire Company, Bostonians and all attractions that came to the coast. Our daughter, Marian, was born December 17, 1894.

THE SEARCH FOR ALASKA GOLD

In 1897 the discovery of gold was made in Alaska, and January 11, 1898, I left my home bound for the north, hoping with thousands of others to make a fortune. My supplies were all purchased in Seattle, where on January 20th I boarded the steamship *Corona*, which was to take me to Skagway, Alaska. All went well until the morning of the third day, January 23, when during calm and clear weather, the steamer struck a reef about three miles from Lewis Island. Boats were immediately lowered and the passengers all taken off and landed on Lewis Island. Although the steamer was expected to sink at once, it did not go down until afternoon, giving the crew time to save some of the supplies of oil and meat. We remained on this island for five days and nights, with snow falling most of the time.

On January 28th the steamer *Alki* arrived and took us aboard, bound for Seattle. We had not gone far when we met the steamer

Oregon, going north, and a part of us were transferred to her, while others of our party, becoming discouraged because of losing their equipment, decided to give up the trip to Alaska and return home.

Arriving in Skagway February 1, 1898, we found the town in control of the gambler, "Soapy Smith," and his men, so we decided to move over to Dyea, February 3, and stopped at the Chilcoot House. Here I purchased several dogs and also supplies, including five hundred copies of the Seattle Post Intelligencer newspaper and two hundred and fifty copies of the Seattle Examiner.

Accompanied by Tug Wilson, Jack Ackland and two others to assist with the team of fifteen dogs, I left Dyea February 6th for Sheep's Camp and the Scales at the foot of Chilcoot Pass. Even with the help of Indians who did our packing in relays over the summit to Pleasant Camp, we were detained until February 10th at the Scales. The trail over the Pass was very steep and difficult, heavy snow, and only a narrow foot path. The Indians were able to carry a load of seventy-five pounds, twice as much as the ordinary white man. We met a company of Indians coming over from Lake Tagish to Dyea for supplies. On the way they had encountered a blinding snow storm, and a squaw of the party becoming separated was frozen to death when they finally found her, but the baby in her arms, which she had wrapped in her blanket, was alive.

Our camp at Pleasant Camp was simply a cave cut into a snow bank. We had no tents, but laid our blankets on the snow. After resting for a couple days from the hard climb, we started for Lake Linderman and remained there until February 20th — thence to Lake Bennett for two days, and from there to Caribou Crossing, arriving February 26th.

A few miles on at Lake Tagish on Februrary 28th, we were entertained by an Indian tribe whose chief was called "Charlie." These Indians, consisting of twelve to fifteen families, lived in a large log building, in the center of which was the community fireplace upon which all the cooking was done — a large kettle belonging to each family. Directly over this fire was a large opening in the roof to allow the smoke to pass through. Around the sides of this large building were stalls used as homes, one to a family. The day we arrived they had brought in a moose, and they were having a veritable feast, of which we were invited to partake.

At the foot of Lake Tagish were stationed Mounted Police to examine everyone on his way to Dawson, to see if each person were carrying sufficient supplies. In the fall of 1897 there had been a gold strike on El Dorado and Bonanza Creeks, and many people rushed into Dawson where the report of gold discovery was heard.

The supplies of the merchants were soon exhausted and no more supplies had been able to be brought in, so it was important that each person contemplating a trip down to Dawson have a thousand pounds of supplies. There were five men in our party, and when Captain Godson found that we lacked the required amount of provisions, he refused to let us pass. For a time it looked somewhat discouraging, for with our

five sleds, three dogs to a sled, we needed all five men — not one could be spared. I pleaded with Captain Godson to allow us all to go on as far as White Horse, where it was agreed that one of our number, Jack Acklan, should turn back. The work for each day was laid out and divided up among the five men. One set up the tent, a second gathered the pine boughs (or feathers, as they were called) for the beds, another unharnessed and staked out the dogs, a fourth prepared the food for supper and the fifth fed the dogs.

We arrived at White Horse Rapids March 3rd. When we were ready to start from here Mr. Acklan refused to return, determined to push on with the rest of us. Being now many miles away from the Canadian Mounted Police, he rather had the advantage. It was my intention upon returning to Lake Bennett, to see Captain Godson and explain to him why my word to him had not been kept, but when I came out, I found that he had been stationed elsewhere and I never saw him afterwards.

The trail was very difficult, due to a Chinook wind in the fall breaking up the ice. We planned to make thirty-five miles per day, but frequently we only covered five miles. Sometimes the ice would be standing almost perpendicularly, and we would have to pull the dogs with the loaded sleds up them and then drag them down again. Our dogs were partly Siwash and some outside dogs. The Siwash or "inside" dogs were better able to withstand the cold, which sometimes was fifty or sixty degrees below zero, than the "outside" dogs. I became very much attached to the dogs, especially one I called "Whitey," which was the leader of my sled. He was very intelligent, and when we reached a very difficult part of the trail, he would stop and look back to me to give him the signal to start. I walked at the side of the sled holding the stick which guided it.

When we arrived at "Little Salmon," March 17th, one of our party developed the scurvy, so we had to enlist the help of some Indians in drawing the sled, as my man was unable to walk. We arrived at "Five Fingers" March 22nd, and "Stewart River," April 2nd and reached "Louse Town," opposite Dawson, April 5th.

We were seen by the people of Dawson a long distance away, and by the time we had reached a point on the Klondike opposite Dawson, half the population crossed on the ice to greet us, and there we held a reception for two hours. We were the first to arrive since the previous September, so naturally they were very eager to get the news. The Seattle papers we took in were disposed of very quickly. The Post Intelligencer brought two-fifty each, and the other, five dollars.

My brother-in-law, George F. Ellis, and Captain Healey, who was employed by the North American Trading Company at Circle Bay, had come down to Dawson the year before, and were located on El Dorado and Hunker Creeks, Number Twelve and Number Thirteen. They had already, upon my arrival, taken out a half million in gold, which they had put into oil cans and stored in their shack. Prices were very high on everything in Dawson at this time: haircut, five dollars, a shave,

two-fifty, and a bath, ten dollars. Moose meat, three dollars, hot cakes, two-fifty, etc., etc.

Mr. Ellis advised me to take an interest in Number Five on Hunker Creek, which later proved very valuable, but due to there being no fresh fruit nor green vegetables in Dawson, many cases of scurvy had developed — the hospitals were full of these — so as soon as the ice in the river broke up and a steamer could get out, I, not feeling too well, and fearing this prevailing disease, took passage on the first steamer bound down the Yukon for St. Michael's.

It was a slow, tedious and depressing trip. Nearly everybody aboard was ill and several deaths occurred. We were delayed for two days going down the river by running onto a sand bar, and this is where the burials took place. One poor woman, the mother of the first white child born in Dawson, died. Her husband was in Dawson and sent his wife out in hopes that her life might be spared. Two Indian girls cared for the six months old baby all the way to St. Michael's. The following year the child was returned to the father at Dawson.

Upon arrival at St. Michael's, I visited the physician at the Army post there, who prescribed for me, and I began to improve. Among the passengers on the steamer *Roanoke*, from St. Michael's to Seattle was Joaquin Miller, who had been sent north by the San Francisco Examiner to write up conditions found in Dawson. We had to proceed slowly through the Bering Sea due to there being so much floating ice. We made two stops on our own at the island of "Una," Alaska, and "Dutch Harbor." Upon arrival at Seattle, our steamer being the first from the north that summer, we received quite an ovation, especially Joaquin Miller, who was dressed in a reindeer coat and fur cap with a long tail hanging down his back. About fifty boys greeted him and followed him about.

Several million dollars' worth of gold were brought out on this steamer. I, with others, had quite a quantity of gold dust, and at Seattle we went to the mint where our dust, averaging fifteen to sixteen dollars an ounce, was weighed, and we were given government checks. After a day or two I started for Santa Barbara, where during the summer and fall I made prepartions to return to Skagway and build a scow filled with provisions to take down the river to Dawson.

SECOND TRIP TO ALASKA

Early in January, 1899, I left for the north again and arrived in Skagway after an uneventful trip. While in Skagway I visited the Haines Mission, where I became interested in a copper claim. During this time that the scow was being built at Lake Bennett, I made my headquarters at Skagway and kept busy selling out an old stock of merchandise that I had taken up from Santa Barbara, and getting my supplies ready for Dawson. The supplies, which I purchased in Victoria, B. C., consisted of potatoes, oranges, onions, apples, bacon, hams, cigars and tobaccos,

and also onion sets for a vegetable garden located across the river from Dawson.

When the scow was completed early in May, I with three men (one a pilot familiar with the river) started down. We succeeded in shooting the White Horse Rapids without incurring the expense of hiring a pilot for a hundred dollars, who with the others stood ready at Box Canyon just above the rapids to assist the boats as they went down. We took on considerable water, wetting the goods, which made it necessary to take them out on the shore and dry them before proceeding. We were fortunate in escaping the rocks and in keeping to the main channel. Many others lost both their lives and supplies, but we arrived in Dawson in good shape. My supplies I had no difficulty in disposing of. Some I sold to Nelly Cashman, who I had known years before in Arizona, and was surprised to meet again in Alaska where she had a store.

After disposing of the scow, and also my interest which I had acquired the year before mining claims "Number Five Hunker," "Number 258," "Old Dominion," and "Number Sixteen Gold Run," I took passage on one of the river boats for Skagway, and then on to Santa Barbara, where I arrived early in August, 1899.

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON

After spending a month in Santa Barbara, I took my wife and two children and left for Seattle, stopping on the way at Berkeley to visit Dr. Kittredge's family. We remained in Seattle only a few weeks, as I learned that there was a business opening at Index, Washington, a small mining town situated in the heart of the Cascade Mountains on the Skykomish River about seventy miles from Seattle on the Great Northern Railroad. Mr. Soderberg, owner of a general merchandise store there, was anxious to dispose of a half interest in the business, which I purchased.

There were no real mines in this locality, but many "prospects," and each day a pack train of twenty-five horses was sent out with supplies for the miners. Before very long Mr. Soderberg decided to sell out his interest and go away, so I ran the business alone and remained for two years. In connection with the store I had a stone quarry which furnished the Great Northern Railroad with material to build all its bridges from Everett to Spokane, Washington.

In November, 1901, I disposed of all my business interests in Index, Washington, and with my family made a trip across the country to Melrose, Massachusetts, to visit Mrs. Rogers' sister and family, Mr. and Mrs. A. G. Whitman. While there we decided to take a European trip, leaving our daughter, Marian, aged seven years, with her aunt, and our son, Allen, aged thirteen years, in a boys' school, Worcester Academy. . . .

[The Rogers spent the next five months touring Egypt, Italy, Fance, Belgium and Holland, returning to the United States in June.]

SANTA BARBARA AGAIN

The summer we spent in Maine, and then in September, leaving Allen for another year at Worcester Academy, Mrs. Rogers, Marian and I came west to Santa Barbara. I was impatient to get into business again, so after a few weeks' visit at my father's home, we left for Snohomish, Washington, where I purchased a dry goods store. We lived while there with friends, Mr. and Mrs. Ordway, formerly of Walden, Vermont.

In addition to the Snohomish business I bought from Mr. Gilkey his stocks of goods at Edison, and I also had a store at Mr. Vernon. A peculiar thing happened at Edison. The night following the purchase (about midnight) a knock on my hotel room door awakened me, and I was told that my newly acquired store had been robbed and much of the stock carried away. Police were notified and two of the burglars caught, arrested and imprisoned, and the greater part of the goods recovered.

In a few months I disposed of my several stores. Our son, Allen, joined us in Snohomish after spending two years in the east at school, and as a family we returned to Santa Barbara.

We immediately went to housekeeping. Allen entered the high school, and Marian, one of the grade schools. It was not long before I became impatient to be in active business again. An opportunity presented itself to me to purchase a furniture business recently begun in the old Clock Building at 928 State Street. This was in the fall of 1903. After our son, Allen, had graduated from High School and spent one year at Pomona College, he took charge of a general merchandise store which I acquired from Arthur A. Garland at Nordhoff, Ojai Valley, and Allen came home and entered the furniture store here, where later he was taken in as a partner, and it became Eugene F. Rogers and Son.

Slippery Rock, San Marcos Pass.

Dr. Nils W. Bolduan

With What God Will Provide: A Reexamination of the Chumash Revolt of 1824

By Gary B. Coombs, Ph.D.*

In 1824, the Chumash Indians of three adjoining missions along the Santa Barbara Channel staged the only major revolt in California mission history. This series of battles and skirmishes was to span a four-month period, with scores of Mexican and Indian lives lost. Violence first erupted at Santa Inés Mission on the afternoon of February 21st, shortly after a visiting *neofito* (an Indian convert or neophyte) from nearby Mission La Purisima Concepcion had received a harsh and allegedly unjust flogging there. A fire was started quickly, in which the soldiers' quarters and guardhouse, all of the mission workshops and the chapel roof were destroyed. In brief fighting that afternoon, two *neofitos* lost their lives.

On the following morning a handful of troops, under the command of Sergeant Anastasio Carrillo, arrived from the presidio of Santa Barbara. Little resistance was encountered; order was quickly resumed and the majority of the neophytes returned to their former labors. The rebel leaders, however, successfully escaped to La Purisma Mission, where news of the uprising had been met with further violence on the previous afternoon. The guards at La Purisima had been able to defend the missionaries and white families through that night, killing seven of the insurgents, but when the last of their powder was expended on the following morning, all were forced to flee.

Rapidly La Purisima was transformed into an armed Indian fortress. Entrenchments were dug, barricades were erected, and holes were cut into the mission walls for the emplacement of cannon. It would be nearly a month before the military could mount a successful offensive there. In the interim, four unsuspecting white travelers, who had stopped at La Purisima for rest and nourishment, were slain.

At daybreak on the 22nd, a messenger arrived at Santa Barbara Mission and provided the neophyte *alcalde*, Andres, with an exaggerated account of the incidents of the previous day. Andres was told that all of the soldiers at Santa Inés had been killed and that the Indians of both Santa Inés and La Purisima threatened to attack Santa Barbara if the *neofitos* there did not join in the rebellion. The neophyte leader was also instructed to pass the news and the threat on to San Buenaventura Mission: but when *alcalde* Francisco at San Buenaventura learned of the fighting, he informed the corporal of the guard and had the messen-

*Dr. Coombs, a graduate of UCSB who received his Ph.D. from UCLA, is director of the Institute for American Research.

ger from Santa Barbara jailed. No further response from the neophytes of San Buenaventura was to come.

Meanwhile, Andres had sent the Santa Barbara neophyte women and children to seek shelter in the neighboring foothills. Learning of this, Father Ripoll attempted to allay his neophytes' fear of attack, but to no avail. Soon it became evident that the men were taking up arms. The military guards at the mission were disarmed, with two guards receiving machete wounds when they failed to comply immediately with the rebels.

On learning of these injuries to his men, Captain José de la Guerra, *commandante* of the nearby presidio, led some fifty troops in an attack on the mission. A three-hour exchange ensued which failed to dislodge the neophyte rebels (some 200 in number, armed with bows, arrows and a few stolen rifles) from their mission stronghold. Two Chumash died in the fighting, and several on both sides were wounded. When the military force returned to the presidio, the Indians fled the mission, removing whatever clothing and money was to be found in the storerooms, and joining the women and children some distance up a nearby canyon.

The army was quick to seek revenge. In the next few days, five aged Indians, unable to join the mission population in the foothills, met their deaths at the hands of the presidio soldiers. On Tuesday the 24th, a force under the command of Ensign Maytorena, moved on the abandoned mission, sacking what remained of the rebels' belongings and destroying much of the neophyte pueblo.

Meanwhile, the mission padres had been sending repeated messages to the Indian camp, urging their immediate return and promising complete amnesty if they did so. When news of the fate of the five stragglers and the mission village arrived, however, communications were broken off and the *neofitos* moved across the sierra into the region of the Tulare, a favorite retreat for runaway mission Indians in the past.

In March, Governor Luis Arguello sent 100 men from the presidio of Monterey, under Lieutenant Mariano Estrada and Alferez Francisco de Haro, to join with the troops of De la Guerra for a combined assault on La Purisima Mission. On March 16th, the former arrived. After a long and bitter fight, during which sixteen Indians were killed, the neophytes attempted to escape but were cut off and forced to surrender.

Lieutenant Narciso Fabregat was given the task of capturing Santa Barbara's fugitive neophytes. On April 9th, Fabregat's forces made brief contact with the rebels near Buena Vista Lake. A short battle followed. Two days later there occurred a second confrontation near San Emigdio, a major rancho in the area. Failing to subdue the *neofitos*, the troops then returned to the coast.

The governor soon dispatched a second expedition. One group of sixty-three men, under Captain Pablo de la Portilla, departed from Santa Barbara on June 2nd, while another (composed of fifty men) left San Miguel, a mission to the north. Each group carried a single artillery piece. On the 8th of June, the two forces united at Rancho San Emigdio.

With them they brought an order of complete pardon for any and all Indians who willingly returned to the mission. On June 21st, the peace terms were accepted; the vast majority of the fugitives returned to Santa Barbara — the Chumash Revolt was at an end.

Seven neophytes were implicated in the slaying of the four white travelers at La Purisima Concepcion and were executed. The four rebel leaders at Santa Inés and La Purisima were each sentenced to ten-year prison terms to be followed by exile from the province. Eight others were given eight-year prison terms. Captain de la Guerra was placed in charge of a commission created to investigate the causes of the Revolt, but unfortunately, its findings have not survived the course of time.

The Traditional Argument and its Shortcomings

A number of historians and anthropologists have attempted to reconstruct the causes of the 1824 Revolt, and all have been in basic agreement that it was a direct result of the declining condition of the mission Indians. Fr. Zephyrin Engelhardt, the Franciscan historian, suggests:

> The exorbitant and endless demands for all kinds of supplies, which the insolent military had made on the Mission Indians during the past fifteen years, at last aroused a deep feeling of resentment in the neophytes. Their labor had become harder, their working hours longer, and their food and clothing decidedly poorer — and all this in order that the idle and inconsiderate troopers, mostly ruffians in uniforms, might not suffer want or find it necessary to work. Only an occasion was needed to fan the spark of discontent into rebellion. . . .
>
> (Englehardt, 1923:120)

And, anthropologist S. F. Cook maintains that:

> . . . there is no doubt that the ultimate cause lay in years of dissatisfaction and discontent, which increased steadily and finally exploded in open warfare.
>
> (Cook, 1943:67)

Similarly, Bancroft argues that:

> . . . the neophytes noted the growing difficulties of the friars and their comparative inability to protect their subjects from the soldiers; and they finally were incited in connection with some local event, but as I think without very definite plans, to test the strength of their oppressors.
>
> (Bancroft, 1885:528)

In spite of the unanimity of these and other writers, I found myself dissatisfied with their explanation of the revolt for several basic reasons. First, why did the revolt occur only at these missions? We know that news of the uprising reached the neighboring missions of San Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo and San Miguel; yet these Indians chose not to participate. There is no evidence that the neophytes at Santa Inés, La Purisima and Santa Barbara were treated any more harshly or lived under any more difficult conditions than those at other missions. According to the traditional argument, one might logically expect the revolt to span the Province, but this was clearly not the case.

Secondly, why did the revolt occur in 1824, rather than some other year? There were many "incidents" throughout the history of the California missions that could have sparked a full-scale revolt, but only one such incident eventually did. Again, the argument that mission conditions continued to decline fails to specify why 1824, in particular, became the year of violence.

Finally, why did the revolt take a number of different forms at the three missions? Why was the action at Santa Inés short-lived? Why did La Purisima rebels remain at the mission, defending it for nearly a month? Why did the neophytes at Santa Barbara flee? Once more, the traditional argument cannot answer these questions.

The Cause of the Chumash Revolt

In spite of the failures of earlier writers, I was convinced that there were very concrete reasons why the revolt was limited to three missions, why it occurred specifically in 1824, and why it took the forms that it did. I thus set out to find the real cause of the Chumash Revolt of 1824, the cause that could answer these long-ignored but crucial historical questions.

My earlier research on the conversion of the Chumash made it apparent that one of the most important factors in understanding the missionization process was mission agricultural productivity. At Santa Barbara Mission, for example, I found a very close relationship between annual rates of baptism and harvest size: when the harvest was large, many Indians would be baptized; when it was small, few new conversions took place. I discovered that this association reflected the need to maintain a balance between the mission population and its food supply. I also found that the growing inability of the missionaries at Santa Barbara to feed the increasing number of *neofitos* led directly to the construction, in the early 1800s, of the mission aqueduct and dam system, and to the adoption of a program, by the Franciscans, for the resettlement of Indian families at or near several of the original Chumash villages. I thus suspected very early that the 1824 Revolt might itself have been brought about by a decline in agricultural success at the missions.

A number of factors influenced the size of a particular year's harvest. Perhaps the most important of these was rainfall. Several droughts were recorded during the Mission Period and each came to have a significant

impact on the missions involved. In 1794-95, for example, a drought struck the Santa Barbara area, producing the poorest harvest in that mission's history, forcing the padres to obtain supplemental food from other missions, and all but curtailing the conversion of additional Chumash. If I could demonstrate that the Chumash Revolt was preceded by a drought, it obviously would help to explain why the uprising occurred in 1824.

As I soon discovered, the Revolt did take place near the end of one of the most severe droughts ever to befall the missions. The dry spell seems to have begun in the winter of 1821-22. In February of 1822, Governor Arguello ordered a novena of prayers to San Antonio de Padua to end the scarcity. During this period, the missionaries make frequent mention of the dry weather and the poor harvests. In the summer of 1822, the missionaries at San Jose were forced to reduce the daily rations of their *neofitos*. Half of the wheat harvest was reported lost to the weather at Santa Clara Mission in 1823. So extreme was the drought that in a letter to the Governor in 1824, regarding mission efforts to supply provisions for the military, Fr. Martinez remarked that instead of calling the territory "California," it should be called the "Province of the Dead."

The drought struck hardest in the typically-drier, southern portion of the Province. In 1822 and 1823, the nine southernmost missions, from San Diego to La Purisima Concepcion, averaged the lowest harvest size per capita since the turn of the century.[1]

It is unclear whether the drought eventually ended during the winter of 1823-24. But even if it had, it already was too late to alter the course of events. Until the upcoming, late summer harvest, the missionaries and their charges had to depend on the preceding harvest — a harvest decimated by the drought — for sustenance. February of 1824 was indeed a likely time for an Indian rebellion.

I next turned to the question of why the revolt was limited to but three of the missions. Word of the rebellion spread from Santa Inés to La Purisima, Santa Barbara, San Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo and San Miguel. Yet only the Indians at the first two of these responded violently to the news. Could the circumstances surrounding the drought also explain why these other mission groups did not join in the uprising?

At Santa Barbara and La Purisima, the harvests preceding the revolt, in 1823, were indeed devastating. For both missions, the harvest size per capita was the lowest in at least fifteen years. If the drought had been a principal cause of the revolt, the *neofitos* at these two missions would have been likely participants.

In 1823 harvests at San Luis Obispo, San Miguel and San Buenaventura, however, were considerably less severe. The San Luis Obispo and San Miguel Mission harvests actually yielded more food per capita

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[1]Harvest and population figures were obtained from original Mission Annual Reports, when available, at the Santa Barbara Mission Archives or from Engelhardt's compilation of these records in his various books on the individual missions.

than half of the harvest over the preceding ten years; the harvests in 1823 at these missions were average ones. At San Buenaventura Mission, the harvest preceding the Chumash Revolt was comparatively poor — but only in relation to its own economic history. San Buenaventura had always been one of the most successful missions in terms of agricultural productivity. Even during the drought, San Buenaventura fared well, producing twice as much food per capita in 1823 as did San Miguel Mission and over four times as much as Santa Barbara. In short, the *neofitos* at San Buenaventura, San Luis Obispo and San Miguel Missions did not experience the extreme hardships dealt elsewhere by the drought. On this score, at least, they were less likely to participate in the 1824 Revolt than their counterparts at Santa Barbara and La Purisima.

Thus, it appeared that the 1822-24 drought could explain not only why the revolt occurred in 1824 but also why the uprising encompassed some missions and not others. The case for the argument that the drought was a prime factor in bringing about the revolt was gaining strength.

Finally, I turned to the question of why the revolt took a variety of forms at the three missions involved. Could the drought also account for these different responses on the part of the *neofitos*?

Although the revolt began at Santa Inéz Mission, the violence there soon ceased. This agreed well with the fact that of the three revolt missions, the 1823 harvest at Santa Inés was by far the most successful, yielding over fifty percent more food per capita than at either La Purisima or Santa Barbara. The lack of involvement on the part of the Santa Inés Indians is further reflected in the fact that two of the three neophytes killed in the action at Santa Inés were actually visitors from La Purisima and that the uprising came to be known as the "Purisima Rebellion."

At La Purisima Mission, economic conditions were considerably worse. In turn, the response was more dramatic. Moreover, the actions taken by the *neofitos* there are understandable in terms of those conditions. In the event of a food shortage, it was common practice for the missionaries to reduce the daily allocation of food to each *neofito*. The Indians at La Purisima took control of the mission and successfully defended it for nearly a month. In doing so, they eliminated any external regulation of their food supply. While we cannot be sure what would have happened had they not taken this action, we do know that La Purisima Indians successfully avoided starvation during this critical period.

Upon learning of the rebellion, the Indians of Santa Barbara Mission fled to the Interior. Why didn't they instead imitate the actions of their La Purisima counterparts? Once more, the severity of the drought at Santa Barbara provides a possible answer.

In terms of its effects on agricultural productivity, the drought of 1822-24 was one of the two great disasters in the history of Santa Barbara Mission. The other was another drought occurring in 1794-95.

The two droughts were roughly comparable. In 1794 and 1795 and in 1823, the yearly harvest yielded far less than one *fanega* of grain

(approximately 1.67 bushels, according to Engelhardt) for every man, woman and child living at the mission. In no other year in the mission's history was per capita productivity as low as even twice these drought figures. The events thus implied similar consequences for the mission and its neophytes.

In 1794-95, drastic measures had been required. Rations were reduced and the padres found it necessary to turn to other missions for additional food. Most importantly, the missionaries were forced to send the Indians away on visitations (or excursions) spanning several months, to their natal villages. This latter program effectively reduced the number of mouths to be fed at the mission, while permitting the neophytes to subsist from the more stable and broadly-based Chumash economy of hunting and gathering.

In 1824, however, all of these alternatives did not exist. This later drought apparently was a considerably more widespread phenomenon than its predecessor. Many more missions were affected adversely, and thus obtaining supplemental food elsewhere must have been a more difficult task. In any event, I have found no evidence that any such food was secured at this time.

A program of excursions would also have been ineffective in 1824, since the villages were now merely an extension of the mission economy. The few villages that still remained relied principally on agriculture for sustenance, and the village harvests had also been decimated by the drought.

While considering the meaning of these facts, I suddenly realized that the response to the drought at Santa Barbara — the form taken by the rebellion there — was in fact an excursion. Without sufficient food at the mission, without a viable village alternative, the Indians of Santa Barbara Mission had taken the most obvious option available to them — leaving the mission which had failed them and setting out on their own. As Fr. Ripoll reported following the flight of his *neofitos*:

> . . . they put to me the following question: "What are we to do at the mission since the soldiers have robbed all our belongings, seeds, etc.? We shall maintain ourselves with what God will provide us in the open country. Moreover, we are soldiers, stone masons, carpenters, etc., and we will provide for ourselves by our work."
>
> (Geiger, n.d.:8)

Thus, it appeared that the varying intensity of the drought at the revolt missions could also account for the differing responses on the parts of these three neophyte groups.

Conclusions

It is quite evident that a number of factors contributed to the Chumash Revolt of 1824. Conditions throughout the mission system certainly did decline during the 18th century — a result of shrinking

Indian populations, the weakening of the Missions' posture within the Province and a multitude of other factors — and this decline undoubtedly helped to bring about the 1824 rebellion. Similarly, a specific event, the flogging at Santa Inés, evidently sparked the revolt. A very different series of subsequent events might have resulted had that flogging not taken place.

These conditions and events are crucial to any understanding of the Chumash uprising. But past accounts have failed to develop a complete explanation of the revolt, because they have not considered the critical role of the 1822-24 drought. The impact of the drought on mission agriculture helps us to understand why the revolt occurred when it did, why it successfully spread to some missions and not to others, and why it took a variety of forms at the missions involved. The drought of 1822-24 thus provides the final piece to the puzzle surrounding this major event in California history.

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*San Marcos Pass History**

By Stella Haverland Rouse

In the early days of California's history most of the traffic up and down the state followed El Camino Real of the Padres and explorers, which paralleled the coastline past Points Concepcion and Arguello. There was no particular reason for travelers to go inland in our county until Mission Santa Inés was founded. A mountain obstructed passage into the interior, leaving three possible but difficult routes — Gaviota, Refugio or San Marcos Passes. While Gaviota and Refugio were used mostly by travelers afoot or on horseback, San Marcos Pass was ignored.

Father Maynard Geiger in discussing travel routes stated that Father Estevan Tapis reported to Governor Arrillaga in 1803 that to reach Santa Inés Mission the traveler would have to cross either "the pass running through the Sierra de Mescaltitlan [in the Goleta beach area] or through the rancho of the Ortegas [Refugio], both of which are difficult and inconvenient passages when compared with the coastal road to Monterey."[1] The route which later became San Marcos Pass, then, was considered to start in the foothills near Goleta; it was the first ingress or egress of the toll road, below "Slippery Rock."

Indians of the valley and the interior were early trail makers, and when the missionaries came, at least one of those trails over the San Marcos was "improved" for hauling pine beams for building Santa Barbara Mission. Father Geiger refers to the 1800 report of Father Estevan Tapis, that a route over what later became the San Marcos Pass led to a stand of pine, probably in Little Pine Mountain beyond the Santa Ynez River. Indians worked "constructing" a poor road over which oxen hauled the timber for houses of the Christian Indian village at the Mission.

Father Geiger also tells of the probable use of what later became the San Marcos Pass by soldiers and Father José Maria Zalvidea on an exploring trip to the Cuyama Valley. Leaving Santa Barbara on the morning of July 19, 1806, they arrived at Mission Santa Inés in the afternoon, making good time.

During the 1824 Chumash Revolt at Santa Inés, the Pass was used by an Indian scout who came to report matters in Santa Barbara.

Alexander Manville, O. F. M., writing of the early history of Santa Barbara, disclosed that there was a "road" over the San Marcos Pass as early as 1818.[2] In that year, Commandante José de la Guerra was informed that the pirate Hippolyte Bouchard was invading coastal territories, and sent his family from the pueblo into the interior valley. The historian says that years later Dona Maria de las Angustias de la

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*This paper was written after the late Hugh Weldon suggested that research be done on the subject. Additional information will appear in later issues of *Noticias*.

Guerra remembered that it was raining very hard the morning they set out up the mountain. "She rode with her mother in a carriage, and the water poured in from all sides." Although only three years old at the time, she never forgot it, he reports.

Father Manville recounted another trip over what later became San Marcos Pass. In January, 1833, Angustias de la Guerra, the daughter of Don José, was married to Manuel Jimeno, and in June of that year they left for Monterey. They made the trip to the summit of the Pass with Angustias' mother and her companion, where they bade farewell.

Any of the existing "roads" leading from one district to another were narrow and difficult in the early American period, for previously they had been used principally by horseback riders, or by a few narrow-tracked carretas. From time to time in the mid-1850s the *Santa Barbara Gazette* promoted the idea of good roads, but while the increasing American population may have wanted them, nobody had the money or energy to build them.

In proposing a good road over the San Marcos Pass, the *Gazette* pointed out that the coastal road was circuitous and "filled with ascents and descents," and that the distance from San Luis Obispo would be shortened sixteen or twenty miles by passing through the San Marcos, College and Laguna Ranchos. The "San Marcos Mountain" was the only obstacle in the way.[3] The *Gazette* writer continued that remembering that in December, 1846, Colonel John C. Fremont brought his artillery over the San Marcos in rainy weather, and considering that the road still was used occasionally as a bridle path, able-bodied Santa Barbarans should "work out" their five days of yearly labor due the county by improving the pass and similar projects. If that were too momentous a task, then the state or the county should be petitioned to furnish funds to construct it.

Six months later the *Gazette* referred to the "main wagon road from here to Santa Ynez" as a "very lengthy and circuitous thoroughfare," about 55 miles in length, passing through Gaviota Pass. If a road were made through a mountain canyon called "Canyon de San Marcos," in connection with a portion of the present road, the distance to Santa Ynez would be shortened at least twenty-five miles. It was believed that a good wagon road could be made through this natural mountain "pass" for $25,000.[4]

In April, 1860, the California legislature passed an enabling act, appropriating $15,000 to construct a wagon road through the county of Santa Barbara, which at that time included Ventura County, to the Los Angeles line. The county should match the funds for the route, which included Gaviota Pass, and continued along the coast to Santa Barbara. The road was constructed with difficulty by T. Wallace More.[5] The first stagecoach from the north traveled along this route in April, 1861.[6]

But a group of Santa Barbarans, urged by stagecoach travel and mail promoters, still believed that an easier and shorter route could be constructed over the San Marcos Pass, although it was "steep, wild and bear-infested."[7]

Charles Outland in *Stagecoaching on El Camino Real* writes that there was a plan in June, 1860, for the county to build a road over the 2,224-foot San Marcos Pass, but a group led by Dr. Samuel Brinkerhoff in that same month was granted the privilege of constructing a toll road over the Pass to facilitate stage travel. However, no road was built by either party for eight years.[8]

In 1867 Messrs. Flint and Bixby obtained a mail franchise for this section, and joined others in promoting the more direct route than the coastal road which was adobe and impassable in winter.[9] The Santa Ynez Turnpike Company was organized August 6, 1868. Officers included Charles Fernald, president, and Henry Carnes, secretary. Directors were Thomas Bell, Charles Fernald, C. E. Huse, Eli Rundell, Llewellyn Bixby and Drs. M. H. Biggs, S. B. Brinkerhoff, J. L. Ord and J. B. Shaw.

Two surveys were made, one by a civil engineer named Black.[10] One route followed the general course of the road which existed still in 1926 (to the foot of the grade at Maria Ygnacia Creek, Cathedral Oaks), the other via Goleta. The latter survey was accepted because it was cheaper.

Twenty-five Chinamen which the steamer Orizaba brought to Santa Barbara began grading the road on August 29, 1868, and an additional twenty-eight hands were put to work in September to expedite the job. A man who was taken to inspect the road wrote about it in the *Post*:[11]

> After traveling over almost a level road for seven miles, we commenced an easy, gradual ascent of the mountain, and although the company has as yet done no work until upon what may be termed the foothills, the traveling was comparatively easy. After ascending some distance, you strike the grade of the road, which runs in a more uniform and direct line than one would imagine could have been obtained from a distant view. The road is 12 feet wide at present, and after the laborers have gone over it again to "clean up," the road will be one of the best in the country. . . .
>
> Five persons who would approximate a thousand pounds of avoirdupois, with a stagecoach, were hauled over the new road the entire distance from the bottom to the top, about six miles. . . .

Since the road was not completed beyond the summit, the men only looked down on the other side of the mountain, where there was an easy descent to the "San Marcos Valley." The grade there would not exceed twelve inches to the rod, and the track was "sufficiently wide for teams to pass every few paces." The writer praised the promoters of this road for their public spirit in bringing Santa Barbara "six hours nearer to the giant metropolis of the Pacific" (San Francisco). A San Luis Obispo visitor, Hood Alston, said that it cost $38,000.[12] It was not used until 1870.[13]

When Los Prietos quicksilver mines were being developed in the mid-1870s, the *Daily Press* advocated a wagon road to the mines, which

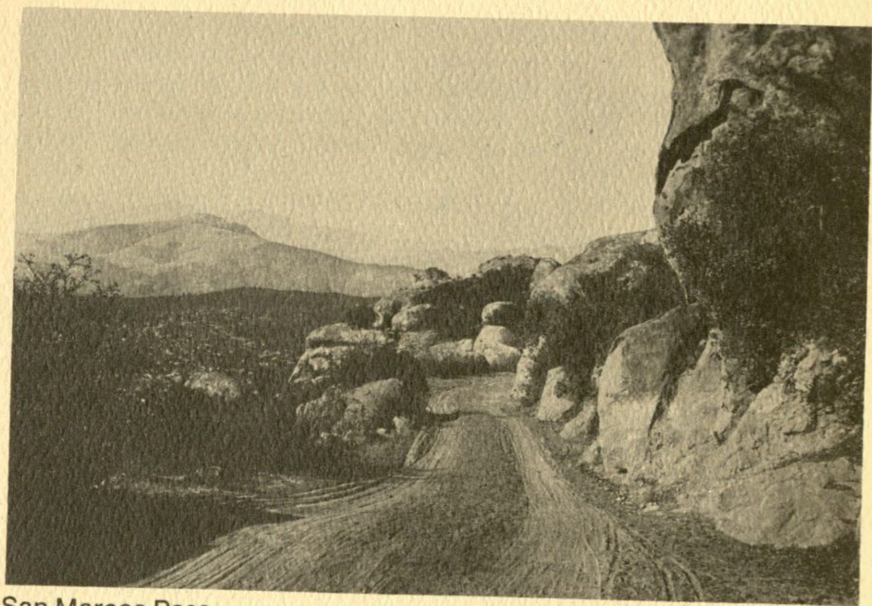
would cost only $50,000 if built "through a pass that opens near the Mission, and goes out of the mountains directly to the mines." There was a trail already through the defile, over which timbers for the Mission had been brought. This route would be "less than one-third" of the distance via Gaviota, and would avoid the toll charge. Nobody undertook the project.

By February 28, 1880, Cyrus Marshall, who lived on the mountain near Pat Kinevan's, had completed a new trail "for his own convenience and that of the public, from his house down the San Jose Canyon, connecting with the trail to the quicksilver mines, passing by the Indian Orchard, and coming out at Cathedral Oaks."[14] It was east of the toll road, and it was said to cut nearly five miles off the distance to the mines, and was considered a great public convenience. The work had consumed forty days. Few homesteaders had located on the mountainside then, and probably Marshall boldly cut through much government land for the project.

After the contract of the toll road was renewed in 1887, apparently portions of this way were incorporated in a "new toll road" on the ocean side of the mountain, constructed by contractor J. A. Brown in 1888 and 1889. Work was "begun at a point near the residence of Charles Hails in the Cathedral Oaks Canyon" (near Maria Ygnacia Creek).[15] He brought in "great numbers of Chinamen to do the work because they labor cheaper than white men."

In January, 1889, a party of gentlemen including Judge Fernald, J. A. Brown, Eli Rundell (of the Turnpike Company) and an *Independent* reporter went over the new road of the Santa Barbara and Santa Ynez Turnpike Road Company:

> Leaving the Cathedral Oaks behind, at which point the grade of the turnpike road commences, and passing through Mr. Hail's orange orchard and one of the grandest fragrant laurel trees it was ever our good fortune to see, the road commences its descent up the mountain side, from spur to spur, from point to point, here stretched out in straight lines, here doubling upon itself, here winding around ravine and hollow, ever upward and onward, but with a steady, gradual, easy grade which nowhere seems to be tending upward. . . . We wind around corners of the mountains with here a steep bluff rising far up the mountain side and there with deep, precipitous wall stretching far down 500 or 600 feet deep, into gorges or canyons, down which laugh and dance, with silvery sound which reaches up to us as a pleasant murmur, the waters of the San Jose Creek. . . .
>
> Of the road itself only fair words can be spoken. It is at once a splendid specimen of the engineer's skill and the contractor's perseverance and intelligent labor. Ascending a height of about 1900 feet in a length of six and one-half miles, the grade averages one foot in 19 feet, while a great deal of it is not more than one in 30. It has been cut along as near the nature of the ground per-


San Marcos Pass. S.B. Historical Society

> mitted through the strata of sandstone, decomposed granite, or blue rock, sand and rich black loam, until now, the top of the mountain is nearly reached. Two weeks more of work and the job will be finished, ready to turn over to the company. . . .[16]

Another statement in the *Daily Press* January 15 announced that the road should be completed to Kinevan's by February 1. On January 31, 1889, the *Daily Press* reported that the Los Olivos stage came into town Tuesday over the new Turnpike Road for the first time. The driver, Bee Wheelis, said that "although it is not yet completed, the new road is a far easier one than the old, and much better time can be made upon it." But there were heavy rains in March, and the new grade was damaged considerably. Stages had to use the old route, as the new one was impassable for teams. Several gentlemen who went as far up as Kinevan's had to dismount in a number of places.[17] But eventually that route was adopted.

In addition to changing the way from the foot of the mountain on the ocean side, the route of the Turnpike was altered about 1889 also. A Goleta item in the *Weekly Independent* in October said that extra inducements to travelers were then afforded to visit Goleta,

> as a new road has just been opened to this important locality, intersecting the coast road about one-fourth mile west of A. C. Scull's [at about 5000 Hollister Avenue]. Visitors will find this road much preferable to either of the others, being an easier grade.[18]

One of the "others" referred to probably was Patterson Avenue, which came down from San Jose Creek to what is now old Goleta (at 5300 Hollister Avenue). The alternate exit was the Turnpike Road, which followed the route of a county road, past Cathedral Oaks School (at the old San Marcos and Cathedral Oaks Roads intersection), headed toward Tucker's Grove, turned south on what is now Vala Drive, and emerged at the present San Marcos High School at Hollister Avenue and Turnpike Road, the route from which that thoroughfare derives its name. Later, a more direct route was developed in a straighter line southward from the school, down what became San Marcos Road, to 5000 Hollister Avenue.

North-county residents began to object to the toll charges on the San Marcos Pass as early as 1889. The *Weekly Herald,* March 14, 1889, said that the toll fee was "legalized highway robbery," when north-county people going to their own county seat to conduct business or deliver produce, had to pay for traveling there.

Some mountain dwellers advocated that the county build a road over Refugio Pass so that residents of the Santa Ynez Valley could travel to Santa Barbara free of charge. They believed that Flint, Bixby and Company, stagecoach operators, had "no valid title to the right of way over Mr. H. Pierce's land" (the San Lucas ranch where the stagecoach ran over the toll road). Therefore, the supervisors would be buying a route over which they might not be able to travel, if they purchased the toll road.

In addition, F. S. Bliss wrote a letter in May, 1890, saying that the turnpike company had

> no terminal outlet this side of the mountain. To connect the county road with their grade, they are using a private road, where they have no right of way by permission or otherwise, and one that can be closed at any time by a gate, at the will of the owners.[19]

According to Walker Tompkins, miners' caravans journeying from Mexico to California's gold fields had "crossed the Santa Ynez range at the Refugio Pass because Gaviota was open only to pedestrians, or in good weather, to horses and mules."[20] Its use seemed practicable to those acquainted with it. Construction of the Refugio Pass Road was ordered September 22, 1896, and an order for finishing the last portion was given by the supervisors in October, 1898.[21] Some commentators believed that the building of this road forced the sale of the toll road to the county, because the toll company realized that nobody would patronize it when the public Refugio Pass was finished.

Another group of farmers living in the Santa Ynez Valley suggested that the supervisors by-pass the toll-road on the ocean side by making a new route to join the one which J. A. Brown had constructed from approximately Pat Kinevan's down the mountainside to Cathedral Oaks.[22]

Additional information regarding that proposition November 7, 1897, stated that "private enterprise" already had graded the road, and it was being traversed by some mountain dwellers.

When a large delegation of mountaineers appeared at a supervisors' meeting January 5, 1898, the supervisors voted to appoint commissioners to appraise the toll road. The value decided upon was $8500, which, according to an editorial June 23, 1898, was about one-fifth of its actual cost; if a new road were built by the supervisors on the San Marcos, maintenance costs would be high for several years while the road "settled." On September 20, 1898, the *Press* announced that the most important action of the previous day's business was the decision "practically completing the purchase of the Santa Barbara and Santa Ynez Toll Road" by the supervisors.

But in October the *Press* quoted a long editorial from the *Lompoc Record* of W. W. Broughton, that the county had purchased only the toll road, not the land over which the road ran, about twenty miles from the river to the mountain; he contended that the supervisors should demand a road over a surveyed route, and that the company should get a deeded right of way from the Pierce brothers over their holdings.[23]

The deed, executed October 7, 1898, granted to Santa Barbara County the toll road

> as the same is now used, traveled and occupied, being a strip of land 60 feet in width, of which the center line is the center of the road of said corporation now used. . . by the public as a toll road. . . and which is described as commencing at Maria Ygnacia Creek on the south side of the Santa Ynez Mountains where the San Marcos Pass Road crosses said creek and running thence along the main traveled road and northerly across said San Marcos Pass on its northern side and down the northern slope of the Santa Ynez Mountains and across the San Marcos, Tequepis and Lomas de la Purification Ranches to the Santa Ynez River, at a point where said main travelled road crosses the river. . . .

The deed was signed by Eli Rundell, president, and George P. Tebbetts, secretary, of the Santa Barbara and Santa Ynez Turnpike Road Company.

Charles Outland points out that the Coast Line of stages apparently did not use the San Marcos Pass until 1870, about a year after its completion.[24] The stages traveled up State Street to Mission Street, where they headed left down Mission Street, then went out the country road to Goleta, where they turned toward the mountains from Hollister Avenue onto Patterson Avenue to reach what is now the Rancho Ciervo Tract. It would be difficult today to retrace the route of those early vehicles as they began to climb up the mountain slope near Goleta, for they traversed portions of what is now private property, which then had not been homesteaded. Most of the way was government land, outside the Mexican land grant.

The first "landmark" mentioned by many travelers was Slippery

Rock, where ridges cut in the solid surface gave a surer foothold for the horses. Later deep ruts indicated the continuous course of the stage wheels on the sandstone. The travelers ascended on a zig-zag steep course, above San Jose Creek to Patrick Kinevan's for a change of horses. There is no exact date available when the "Summit" toll house was established, but a note in the *Santa Barbara Press* reveals that "Mr. Pierce," one of two brothers who owned the land along which the road ran in the Santa Ynez Valley, had ordered Patrick Kinevan to move the toll station off the site along the river in November, 1871.

A short time previously when Kinevan was traveling by stage-coach bound for San Diego, the driver told him that a gatekeeper was needed at Chalk Rock (near the present Lake Cachuma). Kinevan took the job, put up a barn for horses and hired "Fong" from San Francisco to cook.[25] The toll house was a "long frame building with a lean-to kitchen built into the hills, upon which the dogs scrambled at night in terror of the grizzlies."[26] He sent to Washington, D.C., for Nora and they were married and settled down to a lifetime on the Pass.

A camper at Kinevan's "Summit Station," in July, 1873, said that "Pat's" was the first stage station from Santa Barbara.[27] Workmen were engaged building Kinevan's new house, in which he expected to accommodate several boarders in a few weeks, and the stop probably would be made a "breakfast station." "Uncle Bob" was caretaker of the twenty stagecoach horses, which were strong, glossy and well cared for, as they waited their turns on the trips.

"Johnny" took the toll from a little cabin near the stable, where a bar obstructed passage until the fare was paid. Toll charges were $1 each way for a horse and buggy; two horses and a carriage cost $1.25, and four horses and a vehicle cost $1.50. Saddle horses were taxed 25 cents, cattle 10 cents, sheep 5 cents and hogs 2½ cents. The tollkeeper had a shortcut to head off anyone who tried to avoid the toll.[28]

Other stage stops and even stage routes varied over the years, sometimes coming to Santa Barbara via Gaviota. The service was discontinued in 1901 when the Southern Pacific Railroad was extended northward to San Francisco.

During the years up to the turn of the century there are few notes in local newspapers regarding extensive work on the Pass by the county. Even into the 20th century the supervisors spent little time or money on it, until motorists began to demand better roads. Those improvements will be discussed in a later issue of *Noticias*.

Notes for pages 30-37

[1] *Noticias,* Vol. X, no. 2, Spring, 1964.

[2] *News-Press,* August 9, 1953.

[3] *Gazette,* September 25, 1856.

[4] *Gazette,* February 19, 1857.

[5] *News-Press,* August 16, 1958.

[6] Brewer, William H., *Up and Down California,* (Berkeley and Los Angeles: University of California Press, 1974), p. 74.

[7] *Daily News,* January 16, 1926.

[8] Outland, Charles, *Stagecoaching on El Camino Real* (Glendale: Arthur H. Clark, 1973), p. 87.

[9] *Daily News,* January 16, 1926.

[10] Ibid.

[11] *Post,* December 12, 1868.

[12] *Daily Press,* November 28, 1874.

[13] Outland, op. cit., p. 161.

[14] *Daily Press,* February 28, 1880.

[15] *Weekly Herald,* October 25, 1888.

[16] *Daily Independent,* January 29, 1889.

[17] *Daily Press,* March 19, 1889.

[18] *Weekly Independent,* October 19, 1889.

[19] *Daily Press,* May 6, 1890.

[20] *News-Press,* August 6, 1961.

[21] *Daily Press,* November 19, 1898.

[22] *Daily Press,* October 29, 1897.

[23] *Daily Press,* October 18, 1898.

[24] Outland, op. cit., p. 161.

[25] *News-Press,* July 28, 1957.

[26] *Daily News,* January 16, 1926.

[27] *Press,* July 21, 1873.

[28] *Daily News,* January 16, 1926.

An historic week here

Another Santa Barbara birthday points up the indisputable fact that this is a very old community, particularly when judged by the standards of western America. It was 198 years ago this week, on April 21, 1782, that Father Junipero Serra blessed the good earth here. It had been selected by Felipe de Neve, governor of old California, who had arrived with a cavalcade of Spanish soldiers to establish a presidio.

As Father Maynard Geiger, OFM, recorded in his book. "Santa Barbara Mission 1782-1965," Father Serra then inscribed the initial pages of the registers of baptisms, marriages and funerals. These pages — still preserved — may be considered Santa Barbara's birth certificates.

Because present day Santa Barbara is populated to a large degree by people who were born and educated elsewhere, the community is fortunate to have the Santa Barbara Historical Society, an organization that is open to all who are interested in the community's history and heritage. The society keeps the public apprised of local history; it also operates the excellent Historical Museum at De la Guerra and Santa Barbara Streets.

The museum's exhibits include artifacts from the Spanish conquistador period to the heyday of the "Californios" and the coming of the Americans. The museum's library has records of Spanish-Mexican land grants, early genealogical records and Santa Barbara County census records dating to 1782. Classes of students as well as thousands of adults visit the museum annually. The Historical Society publishes a quarterly, maintains historic adobes and houses, and has other functions.

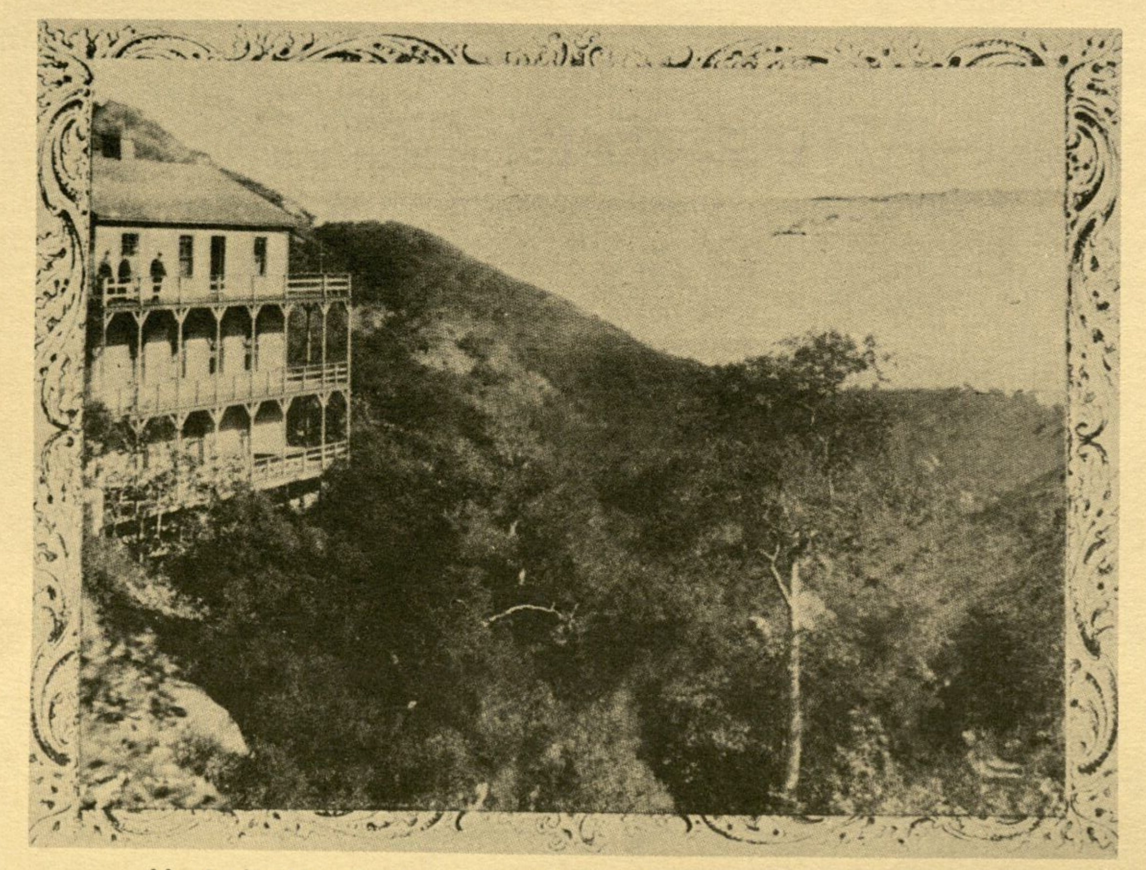
This 198th birthday is a reminder that Santa Barbara's bicentennial is approaching. It is also a time to congratulate the officers and leaders of the Santa Barbara Historical Society for their work in keeping this community aware of its truly remarkable past.

— Santa Barbara News-Press, April 22, 1980

Classes of membership: Benefactor, $5000.00 or more; Life, $1000.00; Patron, $500.00; Fellow, $100.00; Associate, $50.00; Contributing, $25.00; Sustaining, $15.00; Active, $10.00; Student, $5.00.

Contributions to the Society are tax exempt.

Mailing Address:
136 East De la Guerra Street • Santa Barbara, California 93101



Montecito Hot Springs, from Sands, Santa Barbara at a Glance.

The Montecito Hot Springs Experience Three Views

Klara Spinks Fleming[1]

The origins of the Montecito Hot Springs were long ago in geological time. The Indians knew the area and used the waters for a variety of complaints. In 1857 Wilbur Curtiss, broken down from years of exhausting work in the mines, met the Indians and was advised to visit the springs. He followed this kindly advice and soon was restored to health. This was the first recorded instance of a white man using the springs. (Sands, Santa Barbara at a Glance. Santa Barbara, California, 1895.)

VIEW 1

The Hot Springs claimed to have something for everyone. They were "celebrated for the efficasy (sic) of their water in treatment of all rheumatic and cutaneous diseases." Further, their magic treated "Indigestion, Dispepsia (sic), Anemia, Liver complaint, Kidney troubles, Rheumatism, Paralysis, Neuralgia, Insomnia and Scrofula." Twenty-two hot springs ranged in temperature from 99 to 122 degrees. Rates at the hotel were $2.00 per day or $10.00 to $12.00 per week, including baths.

From Santa Barbara the springs were reached by saddle or carriage. If the visitor started from the Santa Barbara Post Office, a mileage chart provided by Roeder and Ott, "dealers in Hardware, Tinware and Farmers' Implements," indicated a seven-mile trip. However, if one started from the office of Louis Dreyfus, a half-block from the Arlington Hotel, the Hot Springs were only five miles distant. So much for the Hot Springs of the travel brochures and the Chamber of Commerce blurbs. But what was it like to be a visitor at the springs? We shall see through the diary of Katie Payne who had recently arrived in California from Greenfield, Massachusetts.

VIEW 2

On February 19, 1885, Katie Payne took the steamer from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara. There she was met at the wharf by her friends Mr. and Mrs. Calkins and taken to their home. Katie was an attractive, grey-eyed nineteen-year-old, and soon was swept into a whirl of whist and eucre parties, dances and calls on Mrs. Calkins' friends. There were picnics. "On February 21, eight men and five ladies went to Moore's [More's] Landing." Then there was "a lovely drive to Santa Janetta

[1]Klara Spinks Fleming, a graduate cum laude of U.C.L.A. with a major in history, and the granddaughter of Kathrine and "Will" Taggart, has had a varied business career, and has worked at the Blind Children's Center and the USO in Los Angeles. Her avocation as a cymbidium orchid grower brings her to Santa Barbara's orchid shows and orchid ranges.

ranch."[2] The whole ambience caused Katie to confess to her diary, "I don't know as I shall be very much contented [at] home after such a wild life as this." Santa Barbara's famed hospitality had made another conquest.

At the ranch, a walk up the mountain with Will Taggart (subsequently one of the first judges to be appointed to the California Court of Appeals) brought forth the comment from Katie, "I have been where no white woman has been before." The adventure was the start of a stormy romance which culminated in the marriage of Katie and Will on June 15, 1887.

On their second meeting Will proposed a trip to the Hot Springs. Katie's reaction to the suggestion was delicately hinted in her diary. "The bronze eyes haunt me. Is it to my sorrow?" The day for the trip was "clear, calm and mild." Katie, Lillie Calkins and Will enjoyed a lunch, took a bath at the springs, and visited spectacular Lookout Point with its view up and down the coast. Of course they drank lots of the waters. Later that evening Katie remarked she "could taste the sulphur yet" — a comment that appears in many another Hot Springs account.

On March 21st, after more parties, including a hop at the Arlington Hotel, "none of the guests seemed to be as attractive as Will," Katie was taken to the steamer for her return to Los Angeles by the Calkins and Messrs. Taggart and Metcalf. She had "a pang at leaving she could not express." Added to Santa Janetta ranch the Hot Springs had become the scene for romance.

Katie returned to the Hot Springs in June. Dr. Macomber in Pasadena had been treating her for headaches and other problems, and decided that a stay at the spa, with its waters and baths, might effect a cure. Her first treatment was a sulphur bath administered by Auntie Piper, one of the mainstays at the hotel. The following days were filled with walks before breakfast to Lookout Point and the Old Maid's House — sulphur baths and packs and arsenic baths in the lower bathrooms.

Some days she "did her room." Apparently chambermaids were not included in the hotel staff. One wonders if the Harvard graduates and their mothers whom Katie met on June 26th also "did their own rooms." The clientele of the hotel came from all over the country and from other parts of the world. A glance at the Hot Springs register verifies that the hotel was, indeed, a widely respected spa.

When Katie was not soaking or taking the waters, there were other activities. She crocheted to pass the time. Another diversion arrived on June 27th when visitors came up for the day. "We all went into the parlour and sang." Mr. MacPhail had a guitar which he tuned and left for Katie. "I played until my fingers were so tired and sore." A group then walked around the hill to see the steamer come into the harbor, and that evening Mrs. Leland showed Katie the hotel incubator where there were five chicks.

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[2]The location of this ranch is a mystery. Col. W. W. Hollister owned the Santa Anita ranch in the Lompoc area. It might have been the Jonata ranch, for J. W. Calkins owned neighboring Zaca ranch at one time. That was "remote" country then.



Guests in the early days. **Hunter Collection**

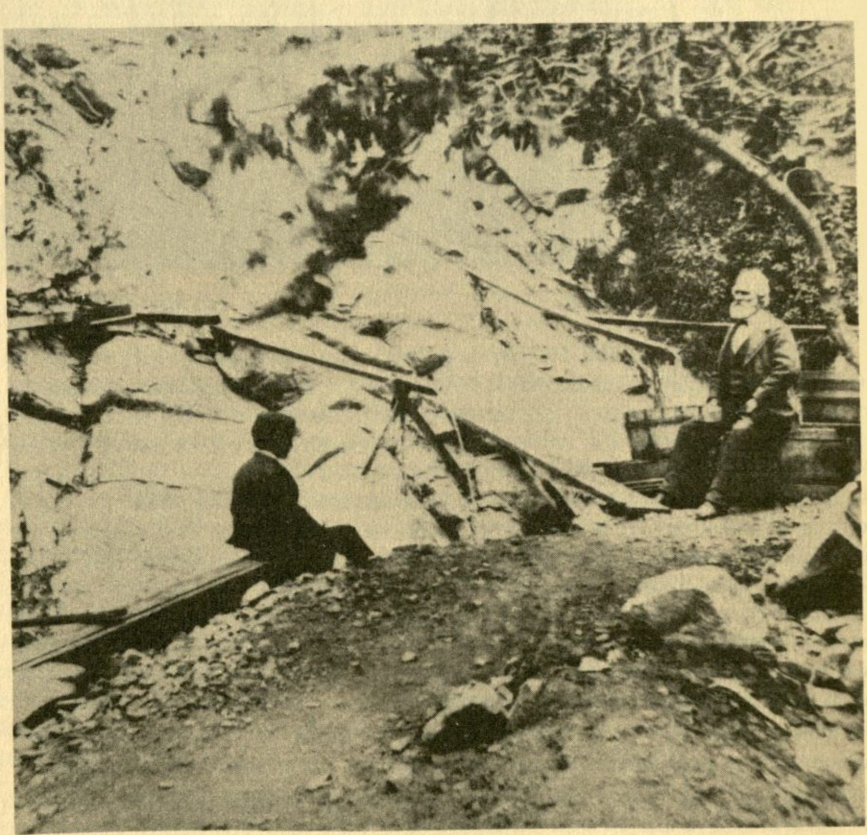
The weather at the Hot Springs was generally good at this time of year but it could be changeable. June 30 ". . .it was perfectly horrid — cloudy, nasty and rainy." There was nothing to do but visit the incubator of chicks and sit by the fire mending her corset, fixing the band on her bustle and darning socks. After a cloudy and changeable July 2nd the weather again shifted and July 4th was hot and clear. Katie had "a pack which relieved her inflamed eyes." (Too much mending by the flickering fire?) That afternoon the guests had a rousing Independence Day celebration. They formed a procession and marched to the halfway house. "I made the music with the assistance of a paper and comb." The day was topped off when the group saw the rockets and flares of the fireworks sent up by Santa Barbara. They came home by starlight and Katie had a shot of arsenic water before retiring.

The next day after breakfast Katie "took writing utensils and mounted the rock beyond the trough." After a little while ". . .two snakes, two shrieks, vision of a girl sliding from the rocks tells the story. Gus L. came to my assistance and killed them." The area was quite primitive and human beings had not disturbed the wildlife.

Will Taggart again appeared with his friend Mr. Metcalf. They "had dinner, visited some and went out to the point. Then we all sat under the tree. The boys stayed until eight, then Miss Chamberlain and I took a sulphur bath."

Just before the end of her stay, Mr. Taggart arrived in the evening on the stage. "He and Auntie and I ate out by the tree." The next day they climbed the mountain, went to the iron springs and had fruit with their iron water. They accompanied a group up to Glen Etta and then walked to Point Lookout. That evening the spa goers gathered in the parlour and "spent our last evening together — all drank arsenic for the last time. There's something sad about it."

On July 18th Katie took the one o'clock stage back to Santa Barbara. On the 21st she headed for home, now in Los Angeles. "Mr. Taggart had procured my stateroom. He certainly has been very kind to me. . . the last glances from a wharf leave an impression." After a good night's sleep aboard the Santa Rosa, Katie arrived in San Pedro and took the long ride to Los Angeles. She had returned in better health and was quite in love with Will Taggart.



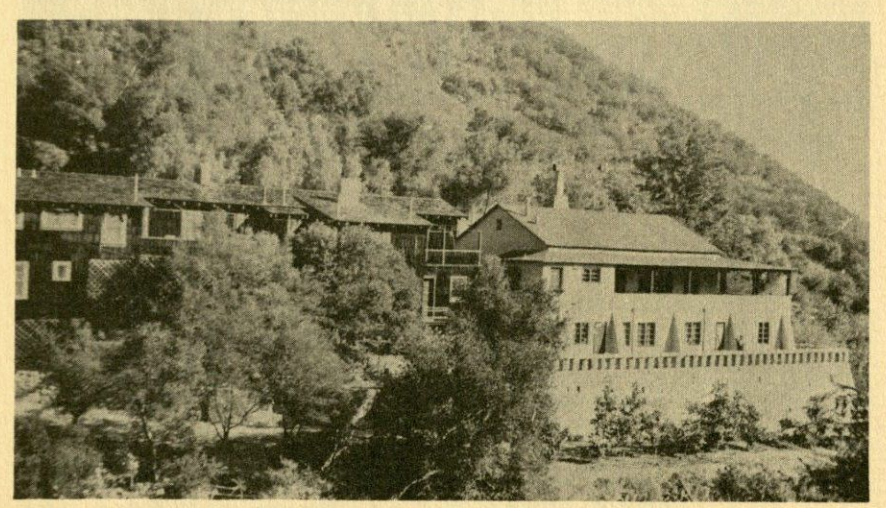
Pipes conveying water to the tubs. Hunter Collection

VIEW 3

Years later Katie and Will and their children were living in Santa Barbara on Laguna Street, just below the Mission. Their youngest child, Kathrine, suffered from an unexplained illness. They immediately thought of the Hot Springs, but the spa was then closed. Will, now Judge Taggart, located the owner of the area and received permission to take his family there. Mrs. Taggart (Katie), Elise, Kathrine, a Mexican maid and assorted supplies were hauled up the precipitous road to the spa in a spring wagon. After settling his family, Will returned to his work in Santa Barbara. He and his son, Deacon, coped with the household chores at home.

Little Kathrine, the patient, remembered the Hot Springs with mixed emotions. Her older sister, Elise, was a classic tease. She caught lizards and garter snakes in grass nooses and suddenly gave them to her mother and Kathrine — to the horror of both. Kathrine remembered consuming ninety cups of water of the various springs every day. Whether or not they were child-size cups is not known — or if her memory had embellished the quantity, but she always contended that ninety cups was the daily dose. The worst problem was that rats had taken over the unoccupied hotel. They made the nights hideous with their bizarre sounds and comings and goings. The only protection against them was Victor, the Mexican caretaker. His job was to sit in the rafters of the hotel all night spearing the rodents. The average evening catch was between forty and fifty. What a test this excursion was to Mrs. Taggart's devotion to her youngest daughter's health!

After six weeks, Judge Taggart returned and drove his family home. Little Kathrine was pronounced cured and resumed her school and church activities. However, her memories of the Hot Springs remained

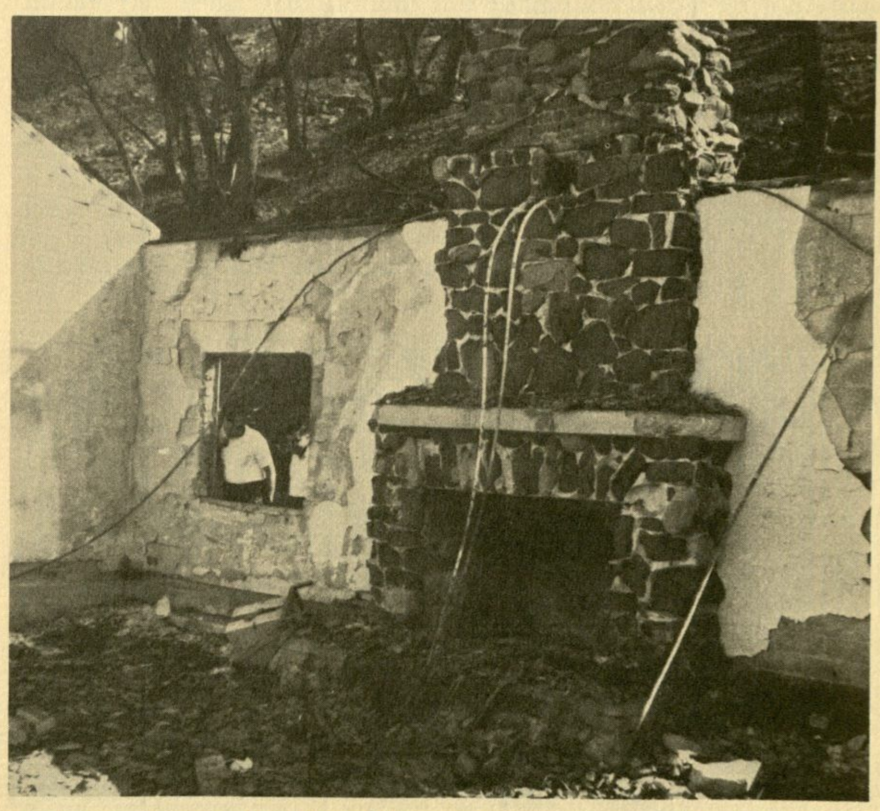


Montecito Hot Springs, 1964. Hunter Collection

vivid, and on trips to Santa Barbara she would inquire, "What ever happened to the area?"

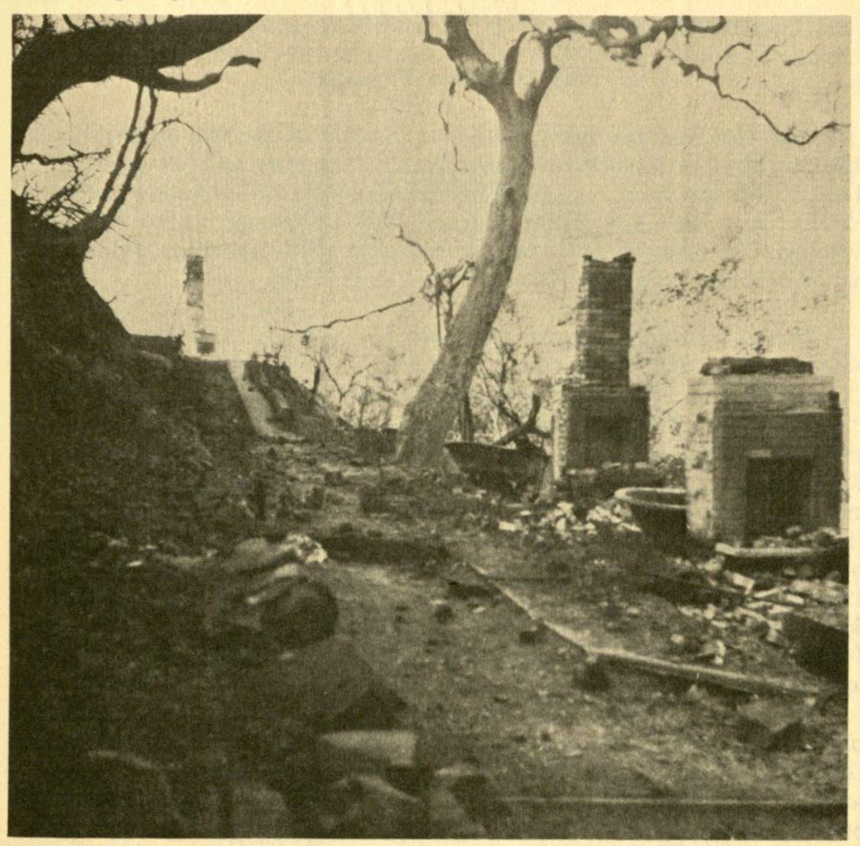
In the autumn of 1964 this writer found a few of the answers to her questions. While attending the charming Mexican fiesta celebrating the wedding of Jean and George Collins' daughter, Julia, I was told that the area was now owned by Kenneth Hunter. He graciously offered to drive me to the Hot Springs in his jeep. For me it was a grand tour of the locality that had been visited previously by my mother and grandmother. I took numerous pictures to show my mother what had become of the Hot Springs.

Mr. Hunter had had a survey made by the U. S. Geological Service which verified the existence of thirty-one different springs. He had replaced the old pipes and repaired the buildings and the baths. The famous old spa in the wooded canyon had become a club for him and his numerous friends. Further, Mr. Hunter had a number of dreams about developing the Hot Springs area. Included were a modern hotel, good access roads and extensive recreational facilities. Again the Hot Springs would live up to its enormous potential — to rank with the world's leading spas.



Hot Springs ruins after Coyote fire. Hunter Collection

A week or so after my visit, the Coyote fire of 1964 turned the area into a moonscape. The buildings were gone. Only the location and the eternal springs remained.



Hot Springs ruins after coyote fire. Hunter Collection

Note: At present, the 460-acre Hot Springs property, acquired by Mr. Hunter between May, 1958 and October, 1962, and in April, 1968 is almost as barren as it was before being developed by Wilbur Curtiss. The quarters for guests, and a central meeting place were both destroyed by the 1964 fire, and the awe-inspiring site owned by Mr. Hunter and an out-of-town investor, Lowry B. McCaslin, high in the foothills above Montecito awaits development as a resort. (Information from Douglas E. Du Charme.) — S. H. R.

Sources:

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View 2. The 1885 diary of Kathrine E. Payne.
View 3. Conversations with Kathrine Taggart Spinks.
Conversations with Kenneth Hunter.

James William Taggart
1859-1910

Klara Spinks Fleming

The Hot Springs story motivated a study of the two principals in that narrative — Kathrine Eugenia Payne (Taggart) and James William Taggart, whose name occurs in Thespian reports and political and legal records near the turn of the century. The following sketch has been developed by Mrs. Fleming in collaboration with the editor from newspaper accounts and family records. — S. H. R.

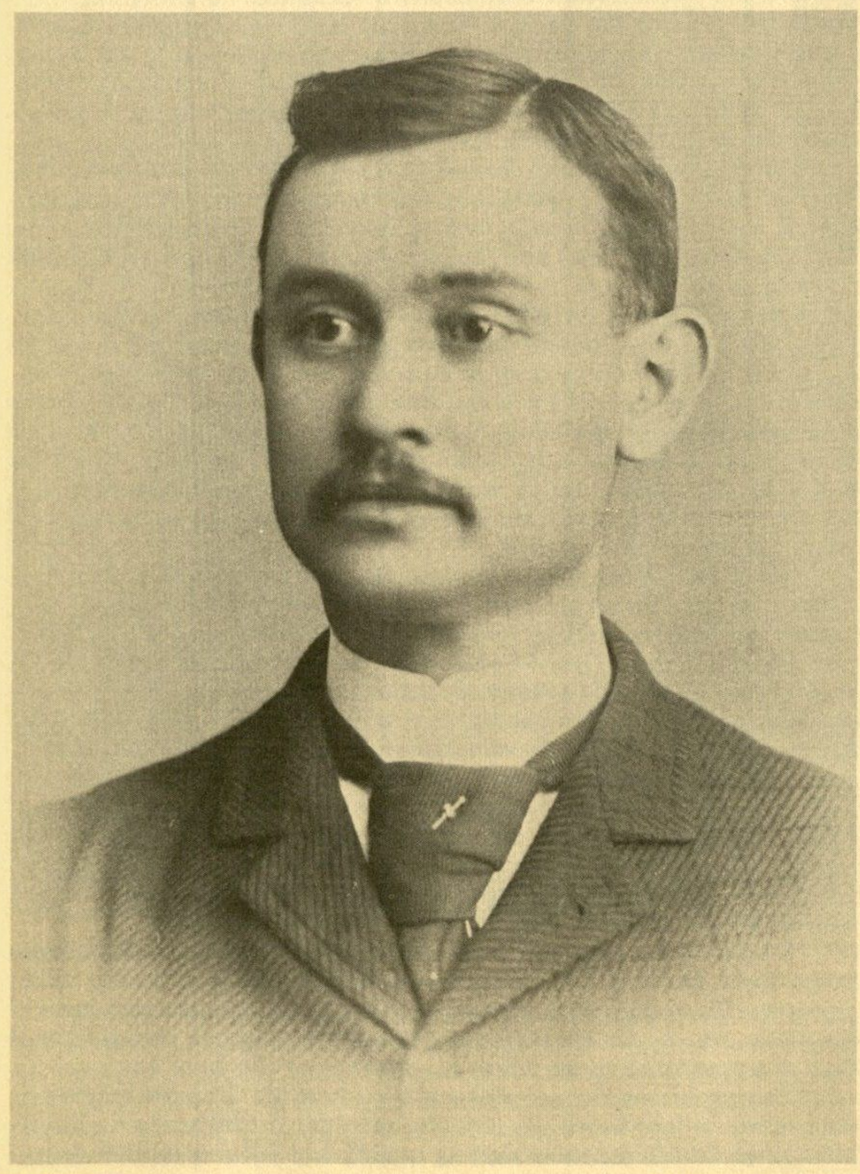
James William Taggart was born just prior to the Civil War on February 24, 1859, in Parkersburg, West Virginia, the son of Colonel George W. and Eliza (Hines) Taggart. After attending lower schools in Parkersburg, he attended West Virginia College in Flemington. For two years he was a merchant in Cincinnati. In 1881 he moved to Santa Barbara and read law in the office of Judge R. B. Canfield. He was admitted to the bar in 1885 and was associated with Judge E. B. Hall. In June of 1887 he married Kathrine Eugenia Payne in Los Angeles. The couple made their home in Santa Barbara at 1424 Laguna Street. In 1902 Will, as he was called, was elected Judge of the Superior Court of Santa Barbara County. In November of 1906 he was elected Associate Justice of the District Court of Appeals for the second District of California. His death on July 13, 1910, cut short a brilliant career.

J. W. Taggart had many interests as well as law. Active in Republican circles, he was secretary of the county committee for ten years, chairman of the Congressional committee, as well as being a delegate to several state conventions. He was a member and president of the school board, and was instrumental in bringing kindergarten and manual training into the public school system. As an active educator, he was an instructor and lecturer at the University of Southern California College of Law. In the military, he was chosen Captain of the Sons of Veterans camp and later served a year in the Naval Reserve of Santa Barbara. Fraternally, he belonged to the Masonic Lodge No. 192 of Santa Barbara, the Royal Arch Masons, the legal fraternity of Phi Delta Phi, the Knights of Pythias and was a charter member of the Santa Barbara B. P. O. E. In business, Will was a director of the Santa Barbara and Naples Oil and Land Company as shown in its prospectus. For the Chamber of Commerce he headed the committee for Rules and Order of Business as shown in the Chamber's monthly magazine of April, 1906.

Will loved the theater and took his family to many Shakespearean performances. Also he acted in amateur theatricals. June 26 and 27, 1888, Will played the part of Brisemouche (landed proprietor and naturalist) in "A Scrap of Paper" given at Santa Rosa Hall. This play was the first performance at a small hall built for the presentation of amateur theatri-

cals. The comedy was presented before about four hundred of "the best of Santa Barbara's society," and Will "kept the audience in a constant state of good humor."

He portrayed Captain Hobbs in "Lend me Five Shillings," presented at the Trinity Parish Hall next to the Trinity Church on Anapamu



"Will," 1887. Klara S. Fleming

Street. On August 27 and 28, 1889, he enjoyed the role of Berthold Blasenburg in "New Men and Old Acres," again at Santa Rosa Hall. This was "a splendid comedy part to which he did full justice as an unprincipled speculator. His makeup was perfect."

In 1902 he was on the Executive Committee for the Elks production of a Circus and Celebration. He headed the reception committee and directed the sale of lemonade, popcorn, peanuts and programs. The bright red cover of the program opens to reveal two days of circus acts, parades, singing, patriotic exercises and equestrian events. It was a time of excitement and merriment to which Will richly contributed.

Will had a keen sense of fun. He would say to the children, "That's a real lollipalooser!" to which the children replied, "There's no such word." One day, after this exchange, Will remarked, "Would you believe that 'lollipalooser' is a word if it's in the dictionary?" The children agreed. Will then sent them to look in the book. There neatly tucked in "L's" between "lollipop" and "lollop" was a slip of paper with "lollipalooser" written on it.

When he ran for the office of Superior Court Judge in September, 1902, a Daily News editorial said: "Of all the gifts within the power of the people of this county there is none that demands more careful consideration on the part of the voters than the Superior Judgeship. There is no officer whose individuality does more in shaping the opinion of people from other states or counties concerning our county, or goes nearly as far as the judge in making our people appear dignified and law-abiding in the eyes of the stranger considering the advisability of making a home in our midst.

"We want a judge who is fearless, able and just; whose judgements reflect the law and not his ideas of 'justice between man and man;' a judge whose rulings and decisions smack not of compromises, or 'splitting the difference.' One who never plays to the gallery, and whose decisions of the matters submitted to him are not delivered for the edification of the juror and bystander, or to please the influential or popular fancy. One who believes in administering the law as an exact science, and who knows no motive for a decision other than 'what is law.'

"This office we are considering, then, demands our most careful consideration in selecting a man to fill it with dignity, impartiality and credit. . . .

"From his early manhood J. W. Taggart has resided in Santa Barbara and his life is an open book to every citizen of the place.

"Twenty years and more he has called the city of Santa Barbara his home. Since October, 1885, he has been building up right in our midst that splendid reputation as a lawyer that has put him in the very front of his profession. By his fellow members of the bar we have been informed that as a lawyer he is second to no attorney at the local bar. . . .

"During his twenty years of residence here Mr. Taggart has been a man of exemplary habits. As a young man and as the head of a family alike he has exhibited those sterling qualities of self-control that denote a temperament peculiarly fitted for the bench.



"Katie," 1885. Klara S. Fleming

"He has been one of the foremost in the councils of his party nearly ever since he came to Santa Barbara. A man of pronounced and decided opinions, he is yet tolerant of the opinion of others. Like any other man of weight and force, he has at times, probably, run counter to the wishes of others. In official position he has followed the dictates of his own judgment rather than the wishes of friends where the latter did not appeal to him as right. He has thus, possibly, incurred the enmity of

some. He is a man who enlists strong friendship, who is warmly loved, and bitterly hated.

"Seven times prior to the present campaign he has been before the people of Santa Barbara city and county as a candidate, three times successfully, and four times unsuccessfully. In all the publicity of those seven campaigns, some of them carried on against him with great bitterness by persons who were personally as well as politically antagonistic to our candidate, no one could or dared to utter a word against his high character, integrity or ability.

"Probity of purpose and purity of private life should be rewarded in the election of Mr. Taggart. . . .

"As a Republican he has served his party faithfully and well. As a citizen he has borne his share of the honorary burdens which have yielded no emoluments.

"We believe the community has learned to appreciate his worth and ability and is ready to say to him, 'You have earned the ermine; accept it as a reward of merit. . . .' "

The breadth and quality of Justice Taggart's mind — his philosphy of life — are partially glimpsed in some excerpts from a Memorial Address he delivered for the Elks. The speech appeared in The Independent, December 7, 1908.

ON CHARITY: "The secrecy of [Elkdom's] meetings is not that it may hide what it does from others. . . but that its members may gather to confer as to how best to bestow the contributions of its members. . . to those unfortunate beings to whom the receipt of charity is a galling thing of shame. . . . Elkdom believes in the gospel of unselfishness, and while it endeavors to and does protect its own, its greatest work is to help others in need. It seeks to teach that it is good to be alive and doing something for our fellow beings. . . . Our very enjoyment is part of our religion. Who is not more ready to carry into practice the gospel of unselfish aid to others when he has a heart filled with cheeriness?"

ON WOMEN: "The history of the nations is written in the masculine gender; the laws of the land use but a single pronoun, 'he,' but none the less woman has contributed her share to the great doings, as well as the gaieties of nations; and the hand of the law falls upon the female malefactor as hard and as certainly as if a capital S stood before every masculine pronoun in the books. So I say, 'Let us not forget when the word 'brothers' in the toast is heard we may hold it to include 'sisters' as well.' "

ON HAPPINESS: "It is not necessary to be great to be happy. It is not necessary to be rich to be just and generous and to have a heart filled with divine affection."

ON OLD AGE AND LOVE: "No matter whether you are rich or poor, treat your wife as though she were a splendid flower and she will fill your life with perfume and with joy. And do you know it is a splendid thing to think that the woman you really love will never grow old to you. Through the wrinkles of time, through the mask of years, if you really love her you will always see the face you loved and won. . . . She always

sees the same gallant gentleman who won her hand and heart. I like to think of it that way; I like to think that love is eternal."

ON THE FUTURE: "It was the gem of unselfishness and upon the tablet in which it was set was inscribed: '. . .And now I give unto you a new commandment, that ye love one another. . .' We hope, when all the world has become saturated with unselfishness, our lives will become better, more pleasant and fuller of love and joy as we divide its hope, its loves, its pleasures with others."

According to The Morning Press, July 14, 1910, Judge Taggart's career was cut short following an appendicitis attack at his home in Los Angeles. Having won the election for Judge of the Superior Court in Santa Barbara County in 1902, he demonstrated that he "Had the rare faculty of arriving at the meat of the issue by a direct route, and with a mind that was both naturally alert and well trained. . . .

"Young members of the bar came to recognize in Judge Taggart a friend who was ever ready to offer proper suggestions, and to help them apply the lesson of defeat to the purpose of better preparation for the next case. . . .

"He was known as a hard worker as a judge; and this reputation followed him to Los Angeles as he became Associate Justice of the Appellate Court, when the District Court of Appeals was created in 1906. Judge Taggart was nominated for that office while he still had two years to serve on the bench of the Superior Court of this county.

"Santa Barbara was retained as his legal residence, although he and his family and friends looked forward to his absence in the southern city for many years. He had just finished a new home in Los Angeles, and had occupied it but a few weeks. . . ."

The Independent, July 14, 1910, stated that there was no bar association here when Judge Taggart died and was buried in Los Angeles, but that local lawyers went in a body to the funeral.

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Assorted Playbills

The Foxen-Fremont Fable

By Walker A. Tompkins

Like northern California with its "Drake's Bay mystery," Santa Barbara has a long-disputed incident, the invasion of Santa Barbara by Fremont's army, a documented version of which is presented here. — Ed.

Who likes a "debunker?" No one. Americans would far rather believe that Washington chopped down the cherry tree than admit knowing Parson Weems made up the story to illustrate a sermon.

I have been a target of jibes ever since 1949, when, during the course of researching an historical novel, I uncovered evidence which debunked the most cherished and enduring folk tale in Santa Barbara County annals — namely, the 1846 ambush planned by Santa Barbara defenders waiting at Gaviota Pass on Christmas Eve, ready to roll boulders down on the unsuspecting troops of Lt.-Col. John C. Freemont's California Battalion, marching south from Monterey.

Believers in the folk tale's veracity can cite plenty of published "proof" that the story is true. In addition to countless magazine and newspaper articles, our three best-known "vanity" county histories — Thompson & West (1883), Michael Phillips (1927) and O'Neill & Meier (1939) — without a shred of documentation, describe how a north county rancher, Benjamin Foxen, after warning Fremont of the Gaviota trap, guided the Americans safely along a "secret Indian trail" over San Marcos Pass, so as to capture Santa Barbara by surprise. The Gaviota ambush also has been immortalized in bronze plaques at both passes and graven on a marble slab in Foxen Canyon.

Unfortunately for the romanticists, the story is totally untrue.

The real facts have been abundantly documented by contemporary diaries, reports, letters and memoirs. Where, then, did the remarkable fiction originate? Possibly in the fertile brain of Foxen himself, a colorful ex-sea captain from England who obtained Rancho Tinaquaic, a Mexican land grant in Foxen Canyon, by virtue of having wed a Spanish girl from San Ysidro Ranch in Montecito. Known to his peers as a comedian and a consummate spinner of yarns, Foxen may have facetiously cast himself as the hero of the Fremont melodrama of '46 and retold the story so often he wound up believing it.

The tale gained added credence in 1951 when a great-granddaughter of Foxen, the late Hattie Stone Benefield, published a scholarly history of the Foxen family, For the Good of the Country, in many respects the best description of life in Spanish California ever written. Its central theme was Foxen's warning Fremont about the ambush awaiting him at Gaviota Pass, "for the good of the country." Mrs. Benefield theorized that if Fremont's force had been annihilated at Gaviota, America would have lost California and the British would have moved in to fill the power vacuum. An Englishman himself, Foxen preferred Yankee democracy to British imperialism.

In her book Mrs. Benefield led off her research credits with the Bancroft Library at UC Berkeley. But she had not pursued her research far enough; for at Bancroft Library she would have found the original journals of at least four men who accompanied Fremont on his march to Santa Barbara: journalist Edward C. Kemble, advance scout Lt. Edward Bryant, infantry private Patrick McChristian and artillery officer Louis McLane. Their daily reports expose what the soldiers throught of the glory-grabbing Fremont, and give the true reason why the "Pathfinder" chose to cross the Santa Ynez Mountains via San Marcos Pass instead of the easier Refugio Pass.

There are three elementary reasons why no ambush was ever considered at Gaviota Pass. First, no wagon road existed as early as 1846 which could have accommodated Fremont's wheeled cannon and supply wagons.[1] Second, if there had been such a road it would have been impassable in December, 1846 due to heavy rains which converted Gaviota Creek into a raging torrent. Third, no able-bodied men or boys were available in Santa Barbara to man such an ambush; they had all been conscripted to serve in Los Angeles with Gen. Jose M. Flores for a last-ditch stand against the invading Americanos.[2]

The decision to take the San Marcos Pass short cut into Santa Barbara was actually made at an officers' meeting while camped on Alamo Pintado Creek south of modern Los Olivos on the night of December 21, 1846. It had nothing to do with Foxen or an ambush. Fremont wanted to "surprise" Santa Barbara and at the same time pick up needed remounts while crossing the College and San Marcos ranchos.

Fremont was unaware that the Mexican government's military administrator of the area, Augustin Janssens of Santa Inés, had rounded up all available horses and driven them deep into the wilderness north of today's Lake Cachuma. In his Life and Adventures, archived at Bancroft Library, Janssens wrote that Jose Maria Covarrubias, traveling with Fremont, had tipped Janssens off that the California Battalion was approaching. "I sent word to Santa Barbara that Fremont was in Santa Inéz. . ." Janssens wrote. "The messengers did not return. All the forces [in Santa Barbara] had retired to the south [to join Gen. Flores]."[3]

Newspaperman Edward Kemble's comment on Fremont's decision to take the San Marcos "short cut" was: "Fremont's theory was so absurd that it dropped below criticism at our campfires . . . . The foe's well-mounted spies knew all about our movements, and where we encamped every night. However, the 'surprise maggot' in our leader's brain was about to hatch again. . ."[4]

Pvt. McChristian's diary was even more disdainful: "the enlisted men freely applied the terms of coward and old woman to Fremont."[5]

Lt. Bryant, who later described his Fremont adventure in his book What I Saw in California, also made no mention of Foxen being their guide, or an ambush at Gaviota Pass.

Lt. Louis McLane, in command of Fremont's artillery, wrote in his journal "Fremont intends taking one of his damned short cuts, which will be fagging to the men and death to our animals."[6]

No one at all mentions Benjamin Foxen as a mountain guide.

Every school child knows the denouement of the story: how Fremont's column struggled over the Santa Ynez Mountains on Christmas Day during a blinding rainstorm, camping at what is now the Rancho del Ciervo Estates in the Goleta Valley, and finally marching into Santa Barbara to seize the pueblo for the United States. Here is Mrs. Benefield's version of that historic event: "When Fremont entered Santa Barbara on December 27, 1846, he found the town deserted. All the able-bodied men, including the soldiers of the presidio, were at Gaviota Pass."[7] But Col. Fremont himself, surely the ultimate authority, in his official Memoirs said this of his entry into Santa Barbara: "There was nothing to oppose us, and nothing to indicate hostility; the Californian troops having been drawn together in a main body near Los Angeles."[8]

Mrs. Benefield was obliged to conclude her excellent work with an embarrassing admission. "For some unaccountable reason," she wrote, "Fremont failed to mention in his Memoirs of My Life the ambush at Gaviota Pass, or that Benjamin Foxen had guided him over the San Marcos Pass . . . He gives a description of his march over San Marcos Pass and his subsequent capture of Santa Barbara, but does not mention Foxen."[9] Neither, for that matter, did any other eyewitness.

There is even reason to believe that a man other than Foxen was the actual guide. Janssens' Life and Adventures specifically states that after the Fremont forces left Zaca Rancho they were "led by a brother-in-law of the Oliveras named Romero, who was hired to show them the mountain trail."[10] Members of the Romero clan in Montecito insist to this day that it was one of their *parientes* who guided Fremont, and that Foxen's claim was spurious.

When the Santa Barbara members of the Native Sons of the Golden West dedicated the bronze plaque in Gaviota Pass which erroneously commemorates the Foxen-Fremont myth, the large crowd included many Foxen descendants who bore such distinguished county names as Freeman, Stone, Coe, Verhelle, Wickenden.

The dedicatory address was given by the late county historian Owen H. O'Neill. When he had finished, one of Foxen's descendants approached him to say accusingly, "Owen, you didn't even mention the Gaviota Pass ambush — or that Ben Foxen warned Fremont. Why?"

Drawing himself up to his full five feet six inches, O'Neill retorted, "Because that ambush story is a falsehood!"[11]

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